

A P O S T E
VVITH A PAC-
KET OF MAD
LETTERS. *By Nac. Boston.*

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APOSTLE

LETTER OF PAUL
TO THE ROMANS



Printed for W. & A. Clarendon

1833



TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFULL,

MAXIMILIAN DALLISON of HAVVLIN,
in the Countie of KENT, Esquire :

NICHOLAS BRETON wisheth the happi-
nesse of this World, and Heauen
hereafter.



Find in *Latin, French, Ita-
lian, & Spanish*, Bookes
of Epistles, dedicated to
men of good account, as
well for their places, as
spirit: but withall, I must
cōfesse the *authors* of those writings, to haue
been men of those iudgemēts, that haue set
down matter worthy regard: now, for my
selfe, though I cannot stand in the rank of
those rare *Wits*, yet noting in your iudg-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ment, that true Noblenes of spirit, that by
the regard of your good fauour, may grace
the workes of an vnworthy hope, & pre-
suming (vpon my knowledge of your
discretion) to receiue pardon of my pre-
sumption, hoping that you shal finde no-
thing displeasing to an honest mind, some
things profitable to a young wit, and wi-
shing all, worthie the fauourable accepta-
tion of your good patience, in all due
thankefulnes for your vnderferued good-
nesse, I humbly take my leaue.

Yours in affectionate service,

NICHOLAS BRETON.



TO THE READER.



Entleif you be, be you so, gentle Reader, you shal vnderstand, that I, know not when, there came a Poste, I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and caried I know not what: But in his way, I know not how, it was his hap with lacke of heed, so let fall

a Packet of Idle Papers, the superscription whereof being onely to him that finds it, being my fortune to light on it, seeing no greater stile in the direction, fell to opening of the inclosure, in which I found diuers Letters written, to whom, or from whom I could not learne. Now for the contents of the circumstances, when you have read them, iudge of them; and as you like them regard them: And for my selfe hearing you liked well of this first Part, I haue adventured a second, which here I present you with, both in one: but feareing to bee too tedious in this Letter, lest you like the worse of those which follow, I rest as I haue reason,

Yours, A. B.

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A POSTE WITH A PACKET OF MAD LETTERS.

A Complementall Letter.

Deare friend.



In elegant composure of your lines make me esteeme you a deepe scholler, and the monſtrance of your love towards me, makes mee glozyn in so exquisite a friend: with what an extasie of comfort shall I bee ravished by your company, who surfet thus with toy at the paper, which beares the Characters of your name and hand-writing: which writing truly is most delectable, but not satisfactorie,

for I cannot derive a fulnesse of content to my selfe, though I were made possessor of both the Indies, or had the affluence of all outward commodities, if I ever bee deprived of your society, which I account as the greatest moitie of all terrene happinesse, who am resolved still to continue my sorrow for your continued absence, and request you to hasten the hower wherein I may congratulate your safety, and to abridge my time of mourning with a speedie and most welcome returne unto

Your devoted friend, A.B.

From a Sonne to his Father.

Whereas it is the part of every childe, being by duty and nature chiefly bound, daily to sollicite God with importunate prayers for his Parents prosperity: I therefore good Father being a Sonne more bound then any through the fluent bounty of a fathers love, doe now in all reverence, obediently remember my zeale and duty, with my fervent prayers for the continuance of all true felicitie towards you, whose love hath bene the ffood to fill the banks againe, when my irregular expences were the ebbsides to make my money run low: but as I am insufficient to make a plenary retribution, or to cancel the obligatio of your loving

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kindnesse and benefits, so will I neuer forget to shew my gratefull remembrance: but being ashamed to returne nothing but bare words in retribution, I haue at this present sent you a Wedding, whose worth I leaue to your triall and experience, and desire you to accept him as the rentall tribute of

Your obedient Sonne, I. M.

A Letter of Love to his Mistris.

Loveliest Mistris.

That powerfull Deity which hath enkindled the hearts of mightiest Monarchs with the beautifull lineaments of rosie cheek Ladies, at this time hath manifested his soueraigntie ouer me, who being taken in the snare of loue, and settred in the bonds of affection, am in the same predicament of passion: the countlesse griefes, which day and night I haue long endured for your sake (able to melt a heart harder then a diamond) may be as perswading Orators to moue your pittifull nature to saue: and my languishing estate doth imploze (if you hold my life in any regard) that you would vouchsafe by your kindnesse to comfort my soule, which is prepared to forsake this wretched body vpon deniall: But fearing lest I haue too much slacke the reine to my pen, and be too liberall in writing, staying in your answer for the sentence of life or death, wishing you a perpetuity of ioy, I rest, Yours most affectionately, A.B.

A Letter admonitory to a Gentlewoman living in London.

It is obseruable that when a man hath a glasse of a brittle substance, and for the worth of great price and value, hee is very chary and heedfull thereof, because if by a fall it should be broken, it is impossible to haue it repaired: I make the application vnto your selfe (Cousin Dorothy) your Gayden-yeard being a iewell of high estimate, may be compared to that brittle ware, which vnto your care be the greater for the preservation, may get a cracke that no Art of man can make whole againe, and a blow, that no herbe is of sufficient efficacy to cure: Let not inprudentall advice be in all part accepted, the trespass being so irreparable, and the losse so irreuererable. Your Ser (Cousin) is of it selfe prone and propens to pleasure, and London is a place fuller of proud, catties to flume, your beauty shal there honestly meet with forcible temptations, though happy in the harmlesse Countrey the fortress of your chastity found no assaillants. But I hope your genuine and innate vertue will protect you from so foule an ignominy, and giue me cause to rest assured

Your loving Cousin, C.D.

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A Letter to his Mistresse desiring mariage.

Courteous Spirits Amee, the only top of my heart, I thought it fitting to declare my mind wishing to you: long time I haue rested your true and constant loue, hoping to finde the like true affection from you: I write not in any dissembling sort, my tongue doth declare my heart, assuring you that I doe not regard any portion, but your hearty loue to remaine firme to me. I would be glad to know when you would appoint the day of our mariage, if it stand so to your liking: deare Amee take some pity on him that loueth you so well, you know that I haue bene proferd good meins daughters in marriage, but I could neuer fancy any so well as your selfe, I desire to know the fulnesse of your affection whether it doth equall mine or no, and vpon the receit of your answer, you shall see mee shortly after: though I receiue you in your smocks, I haue sufficient meanes to provide for you and me both, I haue sent you a ring in token of loue, which I pray accept of. I omit all eloquence, not doubting, but you will consider my seruent zeale which cannot be expressed with words: thus requesting your answer I commit you to God, resting.

Your assured friend till death, H.I.

A merry Letter of newes of Complaints.

Honest George my old Schoole-fellow and kinde friend, glad to heare of thy home quiet, how euer I fare with my farre travell, whereas thou wishest unto mee for such newes as this place yieldeth, let me tell thee, that there are so many, and so few of them true, that I dare almost wiske none: onely this vpon my knowledge I dare deliver thee for truth, that of late in the Citie there are a number of complaints every houre in the day: The Souldier complaines either of peace or penurie, the Lawyer either of lacke of Clients, or cold fees, the Merchant of small trafficke, or ill fortune, the tradesman of lacke of Chapmen, the labourers of lacke of worke, the poore man of lacke of charity, and the rich of lacke of money, the thiefe of the lacke of bowties, and the hang-man that his trees are bare. And for your feminine gender, many old women cry out of young bacheliers, and many young wenches complaine of old milers: Howsoeuer matters goe, I cannot help them, but as I heare of their complaints, I haue written thee the contents which being scarce worth your reading, I leane to thy wiske vñg. And so sozrie that I haue no matter of worth wherewith better

to fit thine humors, in as much kindnesse as I can, I commend my love to thy command, and so I rest,

Thine ever as mine owne, W.P.

To a vertuous Gentlewoman.

I will not deny but your faire eyes are able to dart love into any beholder, but the vertues of your mind have twome me to be enamored on your person. They that aime at the forme, tie their loves but to an apprenticeship of beauty, which broken with sicknesse or yeares, they grow either cold in their affection, or fall to a loathing of their once beloved object, but I (considing in your wisdom, and supporting my hopes upon the pillar of your sapience) put it to your election either to grace me with your favour, whose love shall bee as durable as the immortall essence of your soule, from whence flow your neuer enough commended vertues, or to cast it on some superficiall and temporary Lover, whose affection will fade with the decay of your some vanishing beauty. But I will here set a period to my lines, and give way to your discret consideration to contemplate a discourse of the most affectionate suite of

Your ever vowed servant, R.I.

A Letter of comfortable advice to a Friend, who
sorrowed for the death of his Love.

Honnest Alexander, I heare thou art of late fallen into an extreame melancholly, by reason of the sudden departure of Susanna out of this life: for thy sake I am foyte the hath left her passage on this earth, though being too good for this worlde, she is sure gone to a better: now if thy mourning could reconer her from death, I would willingly beare part of thy passion: but when it doth her no good, and thy selfe much hurt, let not a full humors lead thee into a worse full consumption. Thou knowest she is senselesse in the grave, and wilt thou therefore be senselesse in the worlde? Say love is extreame, and let mee believe it: wilt thou therefore deprive nature of reason? God forbid: well, thou knowest I love thee, and in my love let me advise thee, not to goe from thy selfe with an imagination of what was, to lose that which is: because she is in Heaven, wilt thou be in Hell: or if she be halfe an Angell, wilt thou be worse then halfe a Demill? Oh, spend thy spirit to a better purpose: let not the remembrance of her perfection dye thy into imperfections: nor make love hateful to others by seeing the unhappynesse caused in thy selfe.

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selfe. Oh let not fancy thesolly in the, how sweet vertue belerues her
not in her: Leane thy solitary dwelling and come line with me, we will
deuise some good meanes for the remoues of this melancholy: In the
meane time; make not too much of it, lest it chanc to proue a madnesse:
Love thy selfe, and beleue thy friend, and what is in me to doe thee good,
command as thine owne: glad I would be to see thee, as hee who doth
intirely loue thee, and so desirous to heare from thee, to the Almighty I
leane thee, Farewell.

Thine as his owne, P.D.

His answer.

KIND Franke, I haue receiued thy friendly Letter, and note thy care-
full Looke; but pardon me, if I doe not answer to thy liking. Alas,
how can he truely iudge of Love, that neuer kindly was in love: or know
how soundly to helpe a sorrow, that neuer inwardly felt it. Reading
makes a Scholler by rule, and obseruation I knowe doth much in the per-
fection of Art, but experience is the mother of knowledge. Why distressed
beauty was no Spone. Thine: whose vertue gaue light to the hearts eye,
not her wisdom, an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect under-
standing: and for her graces, are they not in pitten among the vertues?
Thou saist wel, she was too heavenly, a Creature to make her habitati-
on this earth: is it not then a kind of hel to be without her in this world?
Imaginations are no sustaynes, where substances are the object of the
senses, while the eye of memorie is neuer weary of seeing. Oh how
Franke thinke thou hast not liued that hast not loved, nor canst line in
this world, to haue such a Love die in it: It is a dull spirit that is fed
with oblivion, and a deuill that hath no feeling of love: thinke there-
fore what was, is with me, and my selfe as nothing, without the inioyng
of that something, which was to me all in all. Is not the presence of an
Angell able to ransh the sight of a man? And is not the light of Beauty
the life of Love? Leane thou to brethen me with imperfection in my
sorrows for her want, whose presence was my Paradyse, and whose ab-
sence is my world: hee that dost distrust me my good, in languishing
for her lacke, and knowest not my heart, in thinking of any other con-
forts: No, Franke, let it suffice though I loue thee, I cannot forget her:
and though I line with thee, yet will I die for her: mine patient then

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with my passion, till time better temper my affection : in which, most devoted to thee of any man living, till I see thee, (which shall be as shortly as I well can) I rest,

Thine as thou knowest D.E.

A Letter of advice to a young Courtier.

M noble kindman, I heare you are of late grown a great Courtier, I wish you much grace, and the continuing of your best comfort : but so that your yeares have not had time to see much and your kindnesse may hap to bee abused let mee intreat you a little now and then to looke to that which I counsell you : keepe your purse warily, and your credit charily, your reputation valiantly, and your honoꝝ carefully : for your friends, as you finde them vse them : for your loue, let it bee secret in the bestowing, and discreet in the placing : for if fancy be a wanton, wit will bee a foole : scorne not Ladies, for they are woorthy to be loued : but make not loue to many, lest thou bee loued of none : if thou hast a fauour, be not proud of thy fortune, but thinke it discretion to conceale a contentment : go neat, but not gay, lest it argue a lightnesse, and take heed of lauish expence, lest it begger thy state : play little, and lose not much, vse exercise, but make no toils of a pleasure : Read much, but dull not thy braine, and conferre, but with the wise, so shalt thou get vnderstanding. Pride is a kinde of cornelike, which is a little too womanish : and common familiarity is too neere the Clowne for a Courtier. But carry thy selfe such that thou tal in neither side : so will the wise commend thee, & the better sort affect thee, But let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee : and therefore as I line, let it suffice I loue thee. And so wishing thee as much good as thou canst desire to bee wished, in prayer for thy health, and hope of thy happinesse, to my utmost power I rest in affectionate good will,

Thine quier assured H.L.

His answer.

Sweet Confin, I thinke you haue either some Court in the Countrey or else you haue studied the Courtier, that you can set downe such rules as are no less woorthy the reading, then obseruing : beleue mee then that being best lecture studies, and in my daily courses my counsellors, my solicitors in loue, & my Judges in honoꝝ my guides in great

test hopes, and my admonitions in greatest dangers: for your paines in them I thanke you, and for your kindnesse I loue you: your care of me, I see by them, and will not unkindly forget them, I must confesse, I finde Courtiers close people, and Ladies strange creatures, and loue so idle an humor, that I am afraid to lose time in it, but the better by your aduice, I hope to carry a hand ouer it. For apparell, I will keepe my stint, and care for no fond fashions. And for exercise, nature is so giuen to ease, that good qualities are almost out of vse: as for vertue, poore Lady she is scarce able to liue with her pension: but for study, I haue little time so much company with: draweth me: and so for a booke, next the Bible, your Letter shall be my Library. And thus smiling at such Gulls, as thinke no grace but a gay coat, nor wit, but in a stale teast, noting many a begger like a King, and many a Lord like a poore Gentleman, seeing the truth of Salomon in his conclusion of all earthly comforts, that all vnder the Sun is vanity, meaning not to be a seruant to a base humor, nor to reach higher then I may hold fast: in thankfull kindnesse for thy carefull letter, and faithfull affection to thy worthy selfe, wishing thee so neere me, that I might neuer be from thee, I rest,

Thine, what mine owne, N.B.

A mournfull Letter to a Brother.

GOOD Brother, the misery of my uncomfortable life, the crofs-nesse of my cruell fortune, and the unkindnesse of my naturall kin, haue made me so weary of this world, that I long for nothing but my latest hower, and yet loth to despair of Gods mercies, willing to take any good course for my commoditie. I haue of late bene perswaded by some of experience in their iournies into those parts, that my trauel into the Low-Countries, would be much to my benefit, as well for the language, as for my skill in such trafficke as I would make vse of in those places: but my state being so downe the winde, that I know not how to set saile vp in the weather, having no stocke to lay out, to giue me hope to bring in, I wil euen set by my rest vpon the resolution of fortune, and thrust my selfe into some place of seruice in the warres, where I will either winne the Hoyle, or lose the Saddle: if I die mercy is my comfort: if I liue desert is my hope. But to the helping forth of this my sorrowne spirit, good Brother put to your helping hand, assuring your selfe that I wil not liue to be ingratefull: for

as my heart loneth, my soule shall pray for you, and when I haue time to see, I will be no stranger vnto you. And thus agrieved to charge, neuer more meaning to trouble you, beseeching God to enable me to requite you in the true loue of a naturall brother, I rest,

Yours, as mine owne, N.S.

His answer.

DEARE Brother, as I griene at your crosses, so I would as willingly procure your comforts. But my state much inferior to my will, makes me vnable to satisfie your expectation: and yet would I hurt my selfe rather then you should perishe: for you shall receiue by this bearer what I may, and more, as I shall be better able. But touching your courses for the Low Countries, I feare your trafficke will bee but little gainful, the warres so eat vp the wealth of the Country: and for your intent touching Armes, I feare, your forwardnesse is too great for your experience. Yet so farre doe I allow of your noble resolutions herein, as I would lesse griene to heare of your honourable death abroad, then see your discontented life at home: and therefore for winning the Hoyle, or losing the Shaule, leaue that to Gods blessing, who will bestow honoz as it shall please his diuine prouidence: but, good brother, haue patience with thy croles: attend mercy for thy comfort, and haue a care of home, howsoeuer thou farest abroad: I know thy mind is great, but take heed of pride, lest it be a barre to all thy preferment, and ouerthrow al thy hope: I see thou art weary of the world, make then thy way towards heaven, that God, who hath tryed with calamities, may blesse thee with eternall comforts: In hope whereof, willing in al I can to helpe, praying heartily for thee, with mine vnfained hearts loue, vnto the Lord of heauen I leane thee.

Your louing Brother, D.S.

To a Minister in behalfe of a sicke friend.

SIR, Though it hath euer beene my study to furnish my selfe with constancy against the disastrous infortunities of this life, yet I could not but bee much moued out of the tendernes of my loue, with the newes of our friend Master Goddards debilitie. And assure you, sickness hath not so vehemently seazed on his body, but sorrow hath as violently affected my heart, for the reputation of his many fauours,

so liberally though undeservedly bestowed upon me, makes mee to participate in his griefe, as if it were my owne : Since it would bee rude- nesse in me now to trouble him, I haue diuerted my letters vnto you, and beseech you (seeing in all mens opinions the time is come that he must put off his mortallitie; and passe through death as through a gate into euermlasting life) to put him in mind to bewaile his misdoedes, and so begge remission of his sins with pouring out of his teares, which are so gracious in heauen, that euery sin is washed away with such a flood, and no weeds spring after such a rain. But happily it is a superfluous care in me to set a spur in your side and to picke you on, who are forward enough of your selfe to perfoyme all holy offices that can be in one of your coate required: therefore if sorrow haue bene a bad dictatoe to my pen, beare with the boldnesse of

Your mournesfull friend, E.F.

A Letter of a Iealous husband to his wife.

VVHe, in as much kinnesse as I can, I aduise you to leaue such courses, as are neither to your credit, noe my contentment: you know, much company causeth many occasions of idle speeches, and young men are not in these daies given to speake the best of their kind friends: trifles and toyes were better refused then accepted, and time idely spent byings but beggary or a worse blot: of all the Birds in the field, I loue not a Cuckoe in my house: truly I doe not dissemble with you, your light behaviour doth much dislike me, and how glad I would be to haue it reformed, you shall know, when I shall see it: shall I make you fine to please another, and displease my selfe? shall I leaue you my hennle, to make an hospitalitie of ill fellowship? fit mee not with the fowle, howsoever you feed your selfe with a soule humoz: shake off such acquaintance as gaine you nothing but discredit, and make much of him that must as well winter as summer you: wake to your house, haue a Dotherlie care over your Childzen, set your Seruants to worke, and haue eye to the maine chance: leaue tatling Gossips, idle Huswines, vaine-headed Fellowes and needlesse charge, so God will blesse, and the world will thine with you, your Neighbours speake well, and I shall truly loue you. And thus hoping that you will, by this my secret admonition, haue a care of your good carriage, I rest in hope of your well doing,

Your louing husband T.P.

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Her cunning Answer.

Husband, with as much patience as I can, I have read over your Unwife Letter, wherein jealousie keeps such a stir, that Love doth but laugh at such idlenesse: much company brings away idle thoughts, and for soles it is good to be afraid of *Had. I. Will*: All thoughts beget ill speeches, and an old dog bites sorer then a yong *Will*: for beggary, let it fall upon the sloathfull, I know how to worke for my living: and for blots, speake to Scriblers, for I have no skill in writing. Now for the Bird, to answer you with the Beast: I thinke a Calse in a Closet, is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were sullen, you would sure suspect my humour, and doe you mislike my merry behauiour? Well, your conceit may be deformed, in being so longfully informed, to haue me so suddenly reformed: my finenesse is your countenance, and my conuersation your credit: and therefore doe you shake off your losse Jealousie, I will make choice of better company: your house will stand fast if it fall not, and your children quieter then their father: your seruants earne their wages, and the maine chance is nicked well enough: Women must talke when they meet, and men not be scozned, though not entertained: and he that keepeth a house, must seeke to defray the charge: and so hoping that you will leane your iealousie, and thinke of some matter of more worth as carefull of my carriage, as you of your credit, meaning to doe as well as I can, without your teaching, and as well as if you were at home, I rest,

Your too much louing Wife, I.P.

A Letter of kinde complements to a friend.

Kindest of friends, where I loue much I speake little, for affection hath small pleasure in ceremonies: your kindnesse I haue found, my desert I dare not speake of, lest it more offend my selfe to thinke on, then you to looke on: but since you haue made men happy in your acquaintance, let me not too long lacke your company: for though I liue among many good neighbours, yet doe I much want the comfort of so good a friend, by whom I should not onely gaine the use of time, but finde the profit of my desire: which ioyning issue with your humours, cannot but so concurre with your contentment, that if there be a Paradise on the earth, I hope to find it in the faire passages of our lones, which grownd

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bed on vertue, and growing in kindnesse, cannot chuse but be blessedly fruitfull. In bzieste, till I see you, I will mourne, and if not the sooner, I shall languish: for my wishing and want cannot bee satisfied with absence, hasten therefore your coming, and make your owne welcome: for what I haue or am, enter into the roll of your possession, where, in the freehold of my loue, I assure the substance of my life. And so leauing complements to tongue & spirits, in the truth of an honest hart I rest,

Yours as you doe, and shall euer know, N.B.

His answer.

Sir, I haue receiued your kind Letter, and I find you very fine at your corner: you will speake and say nothing: bee eloquent in plainnesse: but you must not speake in the clouds to them that are acquainted with the Poone: and say what you will, I must belaeue of my selfe as I list, for indeed, I know mine owne vnwozthinesse of your commendation, in which, I will rather beare with your affection, then be contented with your opinion. Yet not to be either disdainfull or vngatefull, be not so farre deceiued in my disposition, that wherein my presence may please you, I will answer you with my absence, no long delay your expectation: for excuse is but cold kindnesse, and too much hast is not fit: therefore as soone as I conveniently can, I assure you, you shall see mee, and in full measure with your affection finde me, to the uttermost of my power, rather in action then protestation, during life, in faire weather or foule.

Yours as mine owne, W.R.

A Letter of loue to a Gentlewoman.

Faire Distresse, to court you with eloquence, were as ill as to grieve you with fond tales: let it therefore please you rather to belaeue what I write, then to note how I speake: for my heart being fired in your eyes hath bowed my seruice to your beauty: in which finding reasons admiration, can thinke but of nature in her perfection: in which, being ranshed about it selfe, craueth of your fauour to be instructed by your kindnesse: I meane no further then in the obedience to your commandement: for if I be any thing my selfe, it shall be nothing moze then yours, and lesse then nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you about the skies, compare you with the Sun, or set you among the Stars, figure you with

the Phoenix, imagine you a goddesse, but I will leaue such weake praising fictions, and thinke you onely your selfe, whose vertuous beautie, and whose honourable discretion in the care of a little kindnesse is able to command the loue of the wise, and the labours of the honest, with the best of their indeauours in the happinesse of your imployment, to seeke the height of their fortune: thinke not therefore I flatter you in hope of fauour, but honoz you in the desert of wortthinnesse: in which if you would vouchsafe to entertaine the seruice of my affection what you shall finde in my loue, I will leaue to your kindnesse to consider. In the care of which comfort, craving pardon to my presumption, I rest humbly and wholly.

Yours deuoted to be commanded, E.W.

His answer.

SIR, I haue heard Schollers say, that it is Art to conceale Art, and that vnder a face of simplicitie is hidden much subtiltie: of which how silly women need to be afraid, I will leaue to wise men to consider: and though I cannot in fine no: fit tearmes, answer the curiositie of your writing, yet after a plaine and homely fashon, I will intreat you to accept of my writing: perfection and corruption cannot meet together in one subiect, and therefore my imagined beauty, being but a shadow of deceit, beleue not your eyes, till they haue a better speculation: and for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded, that wit is not worth any thing that is drawne into admiration of nothing: onely this, not unkindly to requit your good thoughts of little worth, leauing fictions to idle fancies, let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, and to honoz a better substance then my vnworthie selfe. And yet so farre to assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conueniently countermaile the care of your kindnesse, excuse my indiscretion, if I faile of my desire: in which, wishing you more happinesse, then to be commanded by my vnworthinesse, I rest as I may,

Your louing poore friend, M.W.

A Letter of some to a coy dame.

MIRIS FABS, if you were but a little faire, I see you would bee mightie proud: and had you but the wit of a Goose, you would sure

by hisse at the Gander: but being with as bad qualities as can be wished, as rich as a new shorne sheepe, I hope fortune is not so mad, as to blesse you further then the begger: It is not your holy day face put on after the ill favoured fashion, can make your half nose but vgly in a true light, & but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Tayler, you might be set vp for the signe of the Sea crabb. Now, for your parent age to help out the hope of the rest: when the Tinkers sonne, and the Coblers daughter met vnder a hedge at the milking of a Bull, within fortye weekes after what fell out, you know. Now, not too plainly to lay open the soule member of a filthy carcassee, but as patiently as I can to keepe Decorum in your description, let me tell you, that all this and much moze being true in your disgrace, I cannot chosse but maruell that you mourne not to death in imagination, to thinke that a monster in nature can haue any grace in reason: but let it be as it is, I haue but lost a little breath in talking to a deafe eare, for I meane to take no moze trauell to the subiect of so ill an object: and therefore meaning to make my farewell and beginning with you both at one instant, leauing you to loath your selfe, as one whom no creature can be in loue withall: fortye that I euer saw you, and neuer moze intending to trouble you, in recompence of your courie entertaiment, I rest in all kindnesse, this present, and allwaies,

Yours as much as may be, T E.

Her answer.

MAfter thy goose, it is not your huffie tustie can make me afraid of your big lookes: for I saw the Play of Ancient Pistoll, where a cracking Colward was well iudged for his knauery, your railing is so neere the Rasall, that I am almost ashamed to bekeio so good a name as the Rogue on you: but for modesties sake, I will a little forbeare you, and onely tell you, that a hanging looke and a hollow heart, a cunning wit, and a corrupt conscience, make you so fit a mate for the Deuill, that there is no Christian will desire your companie: now for your state it is much on fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the paine of their heads is onely healed with the halstar. And for your linage, when the Bearewards Ape, and the Hangmans Monkey met together on a hay mough, what a helpe came out of such a litter, let all the world iudge, I say nothing. Now for your stumpy feete and your lame hand suing kindly with your wzie necke,

who would not make of their eyes; that could endure the sight of such a picture: now, your wealth being but a few words, which you have almost all spent in idle humors hoping that the Taztoise will not quarrell with the Crab, and that when you have slept upon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madnesse, till the Woodcocke tell you how the Dabcocke hath caught you, leaning further to thinke on you, more then bitterly to loth you, glad that you entertainment was so much to your discontentment, In full measure with your malice I rest

Yours as you see, A.W.

A Letter to a foule Dowdy.

Mistresse Ione Iuggle, I heare that you thinke your selfe faire, but you are much deceived: for the Curriers oyle is but a coorse kinde of painting: and for wit, how far you are from vnderstanding, the wise can tell you. How for qualitties, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leane them it were well. I wonder not a little, what madnes hath possessed your braines, that you can make so much of your selfe: are your eyes your owne: or are they so sealed, they cannot see: get you to your prayers, and leane making of loue: for age and euill fauour, had need to be helped with a good purse. I heare you studie Gouliche: indeed when the Diuile sings the Nightingale will hold her peace: but for shame, learne not to dance, for a barrell can but tumble: but would you vse a medicine for your teeth you might be the better to speake with in a morning: what ailes you to buy a Fan, except it be to hide your face: and till your hands be whole, you should weare but dogs leather for your gloves: in truth you abuse your selfe, that you keepe not your chamber, for none sees you but laughes at you, or at least loathes to looke on you: be therefore content to doe as I wish you, speake with none but by Attourney, leane the Painter to better pictures, and rather grieue at nature for framing of you, then thinke of any thing that may help you: your goods bestowed on me for my counsell, and make suit to death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being weary of your selfe, you will hasten to your grane, I end,

Yours as you see, H.I.

Her

Her answer.

Sir Morris Mallipart, you may thinke your selfe wise, but you doe not shew it : for railing wordes are the worst testimonies of a good wit : for good qualities, I thinke you know them not, nor can goe from the evil: but for madnesse, I thinke it sozteth best with your humors : for the helpe whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the braine. But for ill sight who is so blind as bold Bayard, that will not see his owne folly: My prayers I will not forget to God, to blesse mee from such foule spirits on the earth. And for loue, more then charitie, I hold you the farthest off in my thought : now knowing your pouertie, I wonder you will speake of a purse. As for an ill-fauored face: goe to Paris-garden to your good brother: indeed your Croydon sanguine is a most pure complexion, but for your Tobacco, it is a good purge for your rhewm. For my Fan, it keepes me sometimes from the sight of such a vizard as your good face : and for my hands, I keepe my nailles on my fingers, though you cannot keepe the haire on your head. Now for laughing at foolles, you are prouided for a Corcombe: and for loathing all ill countenances, let the hangman draw your picture. Be therefore contented to be thus answered : Speake wisely, or hold your peace, and be not busse with your betters, lest you know the nature of had I wist : so hoping that you will be weary of the world and that you will hang your selfe for a medicine, to heale your toits of a melancholly, I will bequeath you a halter vpon free cost, at your pleasure, and so I rest,

Your friend for such a matter, F.P.

A Letter for the preferring of a Seruant.

Sir, knowing your necessary vse of a good seruant, and remembering your late speech with mee touching such a matter, I thought good to commend vnto you in that behalfe, the bearer hereof, W. T. a man whose honest secrecy, and carefull diligence vpon a reasonable triall, will soone make proue of his sufficiencie. His parentage is not base, nor his disposition vile, but in all parts requisite as one of his place: such a one, as I am perswaded will fit your turne : if therefore at my request you will entertaine him, I doubt not but you will thanke mee for him : for I was glad I had so trusty a seruant to commend vnto you, and hope so heere he will much content you : and thus loath to trouble you with longer circumstances, leaving his service to your good

good regard, my loue to your like commandement, in affectionate good will, I rest

Yours ever assured, N.B.

The answer.

Sir, I haue receiued both your Letter and the bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake : for in the one I will often see you, and in the other remember you: your commendation of him argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I will as kindly and thankfully thinke on: his countenance I like well, and his speech better: & for the performance of my expectation, I am the better perswaded of his discretion: when I see you, you shall know how I like him, in the meane time, he shall finde that I will loue him: and for all things necessarie for his present vse, I finde him sufficiently furnished : but if I find his want, it shall bee soone supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kinde debter, till a good occasion of requitall, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty,

Your very longing friend, R.T.

A Letter of counsell to a friend.

My best approued and worthiest beloved Philo, I heare by some of late come from Venice, that some to bee somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late fallen into an amorous humour, especially with a subject of too much unworthinesse : a newes, that knowing thy spirit I could hardly beleue, that vpon solemne affirmation, I was sorrie to heare : for Beautie without wealth is but a beggerly charme, and Honour without Vertue is but a tittle for a Title : Hath shee a glibbe tongue, it is pittie thee hath not a better wit : Is shee witty : it is a sorrow it is not better bestowed : for the craft of one woman is the confusion of many a man : both shee say shee loues thee: beleue her not : nay, doth she loue thee : regard her not : for it is a fewell of so little worth, as will gine but losse in the buying : I feared the Plague had taken hold of thy lodging, but thou art peppered with a world of infection : thy study is infected with idlenesse, thy braine with dizziness, and thy spirit with madnesse. I leaue these follies, thinke lone but a dreame, and beauty a shadow, and folly a witch, and repentance a miserie : wake out of thy sleape and call thy wits together,

be not sotted with an humoz, nor flane to thy selfe will : leane courtting of a Curtezian, and keepe thy bzeath for a better blast : saue thy purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit, let not the wise laugh at thee, and the honest lament thee : for my selfe, how I griene for thee. I would I could tell thee: but let thus much suffice thee, beloue nothing that she saith, care for nothing that she doth, nor giue her any thing that shee wants: see her, but to purge melancholly : talks with her, but to sharpen wit: giue her, but to be rid of her company, and vse her but according to her conditio: so shalt thou haue a hand ouer those humoza, that would haue a head ouer thy heart : and be Master ouer thy seruants, by the vertue of thy spirit : otherwise, Will, hauing gotten the bzidle in his teeth, will run away with the bzidle, and Reason being cast off, may neuer sit well in the saddle, but why doe I vse these perswasions for the remone of thy passions ? If thou be soundly in, thou wilt hard get out : if thou be but ouer-shoes, thou maist be saued from dzotoning, whatsoeuer I heare, I hope the best: but to auoid the worst, I haue presumed out of my tone, to send thee the fruit of my affection. In which if my care may doe thee comfort, I shall thinke it a great part of my happinesse: howsoeuer it be, I commit the consideration to thy kindnesse. And so till I heare from thee, which I dayly long for, I rest

Thine as mine owne, N.B.

His answer.

GEntle Millo, I haue receiued thy most kinde and carefull Letter, A messenger of thy most honest loue, who hath told me no lesse then I wholly beleue: that loue in idlenesse, is the very entrance to madnesse: but yet though I will thinke on thy counsell, giue me leaue a little, to goe along with conceit: wherefoze let me tell thee my opinion. Beautie without wealth is little worth, but being a riches in it selfe, how can it bee properly valued : and Honour, being but the state of vertue, how can you plucke a little out of her Title : the tongue is the instrument of wit, and wit the approuer of discretion: where, if Reason be grauelled, Nature may be admired: now for woords, they haue their substance, and Loue is not to be abused : for it is a Jewel wel knowne, that is moztly his price: infections are euery where, and iealousie a most cruell plague : but rid thy selfe of that disease, and scarce not my health in the other: re-

conceit is a kind of bizzinesse which too se toymented then with idlenesse, is troubled with too strong a madnesse: but he that is vntwise, had need be reformed, and he that laughs at an imperfection, may fall himself vpon the Fooles: now for a mad Dreame, or an imagined witch, conceited sleep, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretty humors, and will thinke of their errors: now for soting and fluerie, and for courting in knauerie, be perswaded that time will imploy my purse to better purpose, then grieue not for me, but onely loue me, and let th at suffice thee: and for thine aduice in seeing, talking and giuing, feare not the Word: I will of my folly: for he that is master of himselfe shal not need his Distresse, and therefore he that cannot ride, let him leaue the saddle: for, Reason hath a powert ouer Will, where Will is but a seruant to Nature: in the certaintie of which course, intending so to lay my hands on my heart, that I wil feare no harmes on my head, with many thanks for thy kind perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exception at my constructions, intreating thee to beleene of me no more than thou needest, and to loue me as thou doest: in the faith of that affection that holds thee deare to my loue, I rest during life

Thine obliged and denoted, W.B.

A Letter of comfort to a Sister in sorrow.

DEARE Sister, I heard lately of your husbands departure for the Indies, when with no little sorrow I considered your heauie case: in which, finding his want to be grievous, and your friends cold in comfort: I could not chuse, without unkindnesse, but remember these few lines of my loue vnto you: I know your state is weak, how faire soeuer you make your weather, but the more is your patience worthie honour that can so nobly conceale your discontentments: for my selfe I would I were able to do you good: but what I haue doo can procure, shal not fail todo you pleasure, but if your minde bee too great to stoop, to be beholding, what I am able to do: take as a duty in my brothers loue: good sister therefore be of good chere, and put your care vpon me, I wil see you often, and loue you ever: for a Creature of your worthinesse is seldome found in your here, that for her husbands loue wil aduenture the state of her lining: your children are not many, but such as are shal be mine, & you to me as my selfe: take therefore as little thought, & as much comfort as you can, no doubt but God that tryeth his seruants wil blesse them, hope then of my Blessings

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shers happie returne, and til he come, command me: shortly, God willing you shall see me: in the meane time let me intreat you kindly to accept this little token of my greater loue, which is but assurance of the beginning of my affections neuer ending, in which predicament of true friendship, I rest euer assured

Your louing Sister. E.W.

Her answer.

Sweet Sister: I haue received your kind letter, and louing token, for both which, I am your thankfull debtoz, but touching my husband, though his wants were grievous, yet to want him is my greatest sorrow, for in the stay of his loue was the state of my living: I am sorry that you know my weaknesse: and with it but in strength to answer your kindness: but good Sister, though I am willing to conceale my crosses, to be beholding to so honourable a Spirit, I count it not the least of my happiness. Wherefore though I had deuoted my selfe to solitarinesse in his absence, your company shalbe to me a light in darkenesse, and noting the nature of your kindenesse, wil euer be beholding to your loue: come then to me when you wil, and command what you wil, for I will be as good as you wil: my children are my wooldes loves, and my hearts iewels, in whose face I would behold their fathers, in whose loue I would spend my life: so in a merry goe sorry, grieving for his absence, and wishing your presence, praying for his happy returne, your health, and mine own patience, that in too much passion of affection, I fall not vpon indiscretion, with most heartie thankfull loue I commend my selfe to your commandment.

Yours affectionately bound, E.G.

A Letter of loue to a faire Mistresse.

Faire Mistresse, to trouble you with a long circumstance, I might perhaps feare you with the losse of time, and to make an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit: but to auoid both superflitions, let me a little intreat you with patience to peruse, in a few words, the summe of a long tale, in which the truth of Loue, to the latestt houre of death, protesteth the isy of his life but the fruit of your fauour, of which the thought of his vnworthinesse doth too much shew his unhappinesse. Time makes me too brieft, but in your wisdom is my hope of vnderstanding, that in my triall you may trust me, and

by desert esteeme me, in which, if I deceiue your expectation, let me die in the miserie of your disdain. Thus not to flatter you with a faire stile in the state of your worthe commendation, beseeching to be commanded by the kinde care of your discretion, in the hands of answerd seruice, I humbly rest

Yours alwaies assured, R.O.

The answer.

SI it, as I would be loath to be thought proud, I would as unwillingly be found idle: either to beleene too well of thy selfe, or not to haue a respect of others: Truth is seldome masked with smooth wordes, and loue is not byed, but vpon great contentment: your liking may be greater then my desert, and so alter vpon a better consideration: but mistake not your happinesse in my sauors vnworthinesse, where the best of my commendement may be the best of your contentment. Your consideration of time may excuse my shortnesse of writing: where, in a word you may understand that indeed I intend, that truth is honourable in loue, and vertue the fairest ioy in affection, in which, if I doe not misconstrue your conceit I will answer the care of your kindnesse: in which, according to the due of desert, you shall finde the effects of your desire, And so for this time I rest

Your poore friend A.T.

A Letter of counsell from a kinde Father.

DEARE SON you must not from your father looke for a flattering loue nor take it unkindly that I giue you warning of what may preiudice your good. About all things serue God, and keepe a cleare conscience, passe not the limits of allegiance, nor build Castles in the aire: conuerse not with fooles, for you shall loose your time, take heed of knaues, for there is much to be feared in them, and beware of drunkennesse, for it is a beastly humour: I haue heard you are much giuen to Alchimy, it is a great charge to many, and profiteth few: imploy your time so, that you lose not by the bargain: what a grieue it is to want, I pray God you neuer know, and therefore eschew prodigalitie, which quickly makes a poore man. I haue sent you a hundred crownes, well may you vse them, and when you need any more send to me for them. After the terme the vacation will call thee into the Country, where knowing thy fathers house, thou maist make thine owne welcome, till when and alwaies I will

will pray for thee, that God will blesse thee, that I may haue ioy in thee,

Your louing father, H.W.

A Kind answer of a louing Sonne.

My deare Father, as I will not flatter my selfe with your loue, so I cannot but ioy in your kindnesse, whose carefull counsell within the compasse of so few words, I will locke vp in my heart as my best ietwell, for to serue God is the duty of a Christian: and no longer let me liue then in the care of that comfort. A cleare Conscience I find like a Sanctuary, where the soule may take a safe place of rest. To passe the limits of Allegiance merits the losse of life. And to build castles in the aire, they are but mad mens imaginations. Fooles cannot vnderstand me, and knaues will but trouble mee. For drunkennesse neuer doubt me, for it is most loathsome in my nature. For your crownes I humbly thanke you, and hope to bestow them to your liking. Touching Alchymie, I heare much: but beleue little: but I will not wast your land to make a new metal. The Vacation is nere and I will not long be from you: where finding you well, shal be my best welcome. So praying for your long health and hearts euer happinesse, in all humble thanks I take my leaue,

Your obedient Sonne, R.W.

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

As I haue reposed trust in your care, I looke for your perfozmance of my credit: your abilitie in managing such matters as I haue committed to your charge, I make no doubt of: and therefore hoping in your discretion to heare of my expected contentment, I will looke by your next Letters to heare of the summe of my desire: in the meane time let me tell you, that I sent you fourescore broad Cloathes, & thirtie Berzies, with other such commodities as I thinke fit for your vse in those parts. I pray you make your best market, and take heed to whom you credit: for as I heare there are men reputed of great wealth, in suspicion of playing bankrupts: haue therefore the moze care of your businesse, your travels shal not be vnconsidered. Your French wines I heare this yeare are very smal, and your Gascoigne wines be very deare, pynescheape: but you know your markets, & I hope you will haue care of your manoy, for it is

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hardly come by, as this world goes, both much in great matters: if there be any newes of worth, acquaint me with them, and in any wise doe not trouble me with vntruths. Your Cousin tels me that you are in good regard with the Governour for certain cloathes that you lately bestowed on him: he told me the cause, and therefore I commend your discretion: for sometimes it is better to giue then to saue. In summe, let this suffice you without further circumstance, you haue my loue and my purse, I pray haue a care of them both. So till I heare from you, I rest

Your loving Master, T.P.

His answer.

Sir I beseech you mistrust not your trust, nor haue any feare of my Scare: for hauing both your loue and your purse, how can the one let me forget the other? So, sir, be you assured, howsoeuer Banquers play banquerout, paynes wil deceiue no credit: And touching such affaires as I haue in charge, doubt not of my dispatch. Your Cloathes I haue receiued, and like them very well: your Rerzies are very good, I would you had sent more of them, for they are much in request and well sold. I haue by good happe, met with an hundred tunne of Gascoigne Wines vpon a good market, as you may know by my note: Wines are good and good cheape, and therefore I haue sent you greater store of them: on the fatts you shall finde my Park, with two letters of your name. By the next Poste you shall heare what I need: in the meane time hauing no intelligence of worth, loth to trouble you with trifles, glad to performe that duty that your kindnesse hath bounde me to, wishing to liue no longer then discharge the office of an honest care, praying for your long health and euermlasting happinesse, I humbly take my leave,

Your faithfull seruant, M.W.

A Letter of Challenge.

Misdoings are so many, as may no longer be digested, and your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth despise them, for your words are but winde, and therefore I am wearie of them: and if you be not so cold in complexion, that you dare not maintaine your reputation, meet me to morrow earlie in the morning, in some field a mile out of towne, and bring with you such Armes as you ordinarily use: assigne your place and houre, and faile not your appointment

ment, that God the Judge of right, may determine of our wrongs, and the point of the sword may put a period to our discourses. Thus having blowne over an idle paper with a few last words of my intent, answer me as I expect, or heare of me as it will fall out, in haste,

Your enemy till death. T. P.

The answer.

What you haue written to mee, I returne vpon your selfe, as loth to lose time in answer of such idlenesse: if you durst go alone I would goe with you; but let it suffice you, that I know you, and therefore means not to trust you: but bring a friend with you, and I am ready for you: come to my lodging as early as you wil, & though I would be loth to breake a sleep for you, yet I wil take a little paine, to answer you: as for the field we wil cast lots for the place, where God and a good Conscience will quickly determine the quarrell: but I feare the point of the sword will make a Comma to your cunning, which if it doe, you shall find what will follow. And so leauing further words, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours as you mine, T. W.

A Letter to a friend for Newes.

Cousin, I know, you that liue abroad in the world, cannot but heare of newes euery day, which we in the Country would be glad now and then to be acquainted with: your laboꝝ will not be much in writing, and for your kindnesse, it shall not be vnrequited: we heare much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing: but from you that know, I would be glad to learne. There is a speech among some idle Astronomers, that the man in the Heaue hath fallen in love with a starre, and walking thorow the Clouds, was almost drowned in the water: and that the Tumblers of the Fozeit haue spoiled a number of blacke Comies, so that Rabbits are growne so deare, that a poore man may be glad of a peece of Hutton. It is said here with vs in these parts, that you in the Citie are much troubled with a new disease: truely we haue reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in diuers houses, what with cheere wines and bad husbands, rabbozne Childzen & wicked seruants, that many a honest man cannot liue in quiet with his neighbours.

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Though the Spring be not very forward, yet there is great increase of thing, especially of Children, which hold they may answer the Law, I will not greatly stand upon. Thus having no matter of moment, where with at this time to trouble you, intreating you that I may shortly heare from you, I rest in much affection

Affuredly yours R. T.

His answer.

My good Cousin, to answer your kinde Letter, if there were any thing here worth the writing, I would not have bene so long silent. But such are the occurrents in these places, as are either not worth the noting or better concealed then written: for loue in youth is full of idlenesse, and malice in age is so malicious, that Vertue is so hid in corners, that there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the man in the House I leave him to wait on the Sunne: but if he have a mind to any Starre, I leave him to follow that Diuile light: for his waterie Element, since it is in clouds, let it hang in the Aire, I will not meddle with the louing Astronomie, For Conies I am no Warrener, therefore let them that haue the keeping of the ground, looke to their Games, I haue small sport in such idlenesse, but for a piece of Button, a young Lambe is worth five old Conies, and he that is not glad of such a scab, let him fast for his dinner. For our new diseases, it is with many men in the head, and women in the tongue, Seruants grow great Libertines, and Children are sick of the Parents: and for neighbours, there is so much loue in the streets, that there is almost none in the houses: and therefore besides other ordinary diseases, we want no plagues to make vs to looke into our sinnes: but God amend all, for one will scarce mend another. And therefore intreating you to haue patience with me till the next wake, when you shall heare of the best newes that come to my hands, I rest in all bounden good will,

Yours as much as may be, T. V.

A disswasue from marriage.

Sweet Cousin, I am soyy to heare, that being so well at ease, you will coozen your selfe of quiet: and for want of a worlde hell, you will put your selfe in Purgatory with a Wife: but if it may bee that I speake in time, heare what I say, If she be faire it may breed Jealousie:

leasse: if foule, dislike and change: if rich, take heed of pride, if poore, miserie: if young, beware the wanton: if old, take heed of the Bel-dam: if wile she will gouerne thee: if foolish, fret thee: how deare soeuer she loues thee, she will sometime or other, either crosse thee, or crowne thee: and therefore if thou wilt be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, faire nor foule trouble thee, beleue me, as I haue read, these are the properties of most wiues, to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to empty purses, and to breed humours. But if I be deceiued in my reading, and mine authoꝝ in his writing, either in altering your course, or prouing your comfort, tell me your mind when we meet. Til when, wishing the continuance of that quiet wherein you now liue, or the true contentment of the best lone: leauiug to your owne discretion the managing of your affection, I com- mit you to the Almightye.

Thine what mine owne, N.B.

His answer.

Good Cousin, I finde your kindnesse aboue your knowledge, in mistaking Paradise for Purgatory: so, a wife is the wealth of the mind, and the welfare of the heart: where the best iudgement of reason findes discretions contentment. May be, is a doubt: but what is, must be regarded: in which sense I am pleased. Where Youth with beautie, and Vertue with Merteue haue power to command, there kindnesse must obey. Pouertie I feare not, and wealth I seeke not, but it sufficeth me to seeke no other fortune for the summe of my worlods happinesse: where the auoiding of euill, and the hope of good, makes me know more comfort then you are able to conceiue, til you enter in that course, wherein the toy of lone is the second blessednesse of this life. What shal I say, but that I know not what to say to expresse the perfection of this pleasure, which puts downe all idle imaginations: From which hoping to see thee remo- ued when I see thee, til then and euer, I rest.

Thine as thou knowest, D.E.

A kinde Letter of a Creditor for money.

Sir, I pray you take it not unkindly, that I write thus ear- nestly vnto you: for more necessity then will haue bidden me to it, my money

money is not so much, as you well able to discharge it: my losses by Sea and ill Creditors by land, make me straine courttesie with my Friends, for their good helpe in an extremitie, yet doe I desire nothing but my due; but as I was ready to lend, I would be glad to receiue with that fulnesse of good will, that may continue our kindnesse. I write not this as doubting your discretion, but to intreat your patience, if your purse be not in time: for were I as I haue bene, and hope to be, I had rather beare too long, then aske too soone: especially of so good a friend as I haue alwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, and in your kindnesse answer me. Time is precious, and therefore lest by disappointment I be dis-furnished, and so perhaps discredited, I pray you, speed your answer: which, how soeuer, shall be welcome: and therefore earnestly intreating you to helpe me now, that I may the better quite your kindnesse hereafter, with many thanks for your great fauours, which cannot be forgotten to be deserved: I take my leave further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able euer to pleasure you, to make you know how much I loue you.

Your louing friend T. R.

The Debtors answer.

SI K, your request is so reasonable, and your kindnesse so much, that I for a greater matter then you demand, if my purse were not in tune, I would straine my credit very farre for you, beare then with my a little forgetfulness of the Day, and thinke it not trouble to my patience to be put in mind of my credit: your Sea losses I am sorry for, and wish your recovery by Land. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my selfe, to make you know how much interest you haue in my affection, let me tell you, that though by some unexpected expences, I am thort of my hoped reckoning, yet vpon the receipt of your letter, I haue bene thus carefull for you, your money I haue sent you, and as much more for so long time I will lend you: which you shall receiue of this bearer, and in my letter the day of payment: which if it may please you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoeuer it fall out, vse it to your owne discretion, and so far be alwaies assured of my loue, that my word and deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unfained good will I rest, alimates, to my uttermost power;

Yours as mine owne. D. W.

A Letter of newes.

To perfoyme my promise in my last Letter, my kind and best Cousin you shall vnderstand of such occurrents, as I heare goe current and for truth : I heare there are certaine old people that speake much of Prophecies, where they set it downe for a certaine rule, that this yeare, and many to come, he that wants money in his purse, and a friend in the Court, may walke in the Country, and picke strawes, for his comfort : for the Law is very dangerous for begging, and Charitie is so cold, that the poore must starue, rather then the Rich will want. Old men shall neuer be young againe in this world, and beautie in a yong Woman will not let her know her selfe: honestie without wit will die on the Fole, and craft without credit will labour to little purpose. In summe, there will be a great Plague among the Poore, with lacke of honestie : but it may be nature may alter her course in many things, and Prophecies may fall out in contrarieties. Howsoeuer it be, welcome that come in Gods name: and so hoping thou louest no legerdemaine, nor wilt be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this onely for exercise of a merrie humour, I rest,

Thine what mine, P.R.

The answer.

Such idle Propheets as you meet with, haue such kinde of matter as you write of: but let the world wag as it list, there is not a truer wag in the world then thy selfe : and were it not that I feare my Letter would come to light, I would answer you in your kind. But to bee short let me tell you, that Lawes are good to take order with such Out-lawes as after prodigallitie, put themselues vpon charitie. And yet to crosse your rule of little experience, old men may haue young humours, saies Calanches put wise men to their wits, and honestie may thine with a meane trade, when a crafty knaue may lose by his cunning broking. As for the plague, I feare it is neuer from you: for if neighbours agree, yet their wines may fall out: and while the poore fret, the rich frolicke, there is little hope of health, where the world is so out of quiet. And therefore hoping that you haue wit enough to beware the knaue & the Fole, and to make your choise of the best company, wishing your continuance of your good humour, with thanks for your waggish Letter, I rest in our old league,

Yours as mine owne, R.B.

A Letter perswading to Marriage.

DEARE Cousin, I doe not a little wonder at your solitary life, and moze at your little care to match your selfe in Mariage with some Virgine worthie your loue: will you leaue the world without memozy of your name: your inheritance to no issue of your owne honoz: and runne a course of too little comfort? Hee thinketh that your knowledge of the diueritie of varieties should settle your content vpon some speciall vertue: what if some women be aged: some are youthfull: and some frowarde: other may be kinde: and some wanton: there are better stayed: and some sullaine: some are louing: and is there none can fit your humour? God forbid: the law of Nature, the Law of Reason, the Law of God doth will it, that loue breeds increase by a vertuous coniunction, which cannot be performed without the honoz of this course. Bastards will be witnes of their Parents wickednesse, when naturall Childzen are the toy of their Fathers: and a true louing Wife is worth a thousand wilde walkers: her care in the House, her kindnesse at the Table, and her comfort in the Bed, are pleasures better conceined then exprest: fall then aboard with such a Bird, as you may hold fast your Phoenix, and thinke thy mind at best libertie, when it is free from the bonds of folly. In fine, let me intreat thee to make thy house a home, thy Wife thy worlds loue, and thy childzen, thy earths toy: which, as I hope thou wilt be glad to haue, I shall be glad to see. For good speed whereof, in heartie prayers I rest,

Your louing Cousin R.W.

His answer.

MY kinde Cousin I see you are better read then experienced: for Bachelors Wines, and Maidens Childzen are prettie things to play withall: but he that knowes many dangers, will take heed of all. A Wife is an euerlasting substance, which if it be not of the better nature is a perillous thing to meddle withall: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the Heart to sore paine: and the Phoenix is such a figure, as if I must finde her in a Woman, I feare me I must seeke a great way for her. For the lawes that you speake of, I yeld to Truth: but Loue is so nice an humour, that he seldome settles in a place: for Bastards I loue not the breed: and better childzen will doe well when they come: for Bed and Board and those trickes, let them toy in them that haue them: where I find time I will thinke on them: in the meane time, moze at quiet in
my

my lodging with a friend, then, perhaps I may be at home with a wife: not forswearing Marriage, nor posting to Purgatory instead of mistaking Paradise, wishing thy prayers for my better happiness than Louers idleness, and if I doe marry, to be kindly matched, I rest,

Thine ever as mine owne, D. L.

A Letter of vnkindnesse, vpon a denyall of a
Courtisie.

If my desires had not exceeded my desire, I would haue hated the nature of my humour, which loues nothing lesse then to be too much beholding: my request was not much, and the grant but easie, howsoeuer for ill fashion the excuse may be cunningly framed: but though I conceiue vnkindnesse in this course, I can rather grieue then be angry, for I will mistrust my wit, till I see too much of my sorrow, and lose my friend though I be plaine with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tel you of my discontent, then to couer a dissimulation and to wish your better regard of my affection which in denying a trifle may lose a greater benefit: but not to goe too farre in impatience, let me thus grow to an end: friendship once grounded is not easily remoued: and therefore being assured of my loue, beare with my dislike, and wherein I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requitall of vnkindnesse, for I can chide and not be angry, and better loue you, then tell you so. And so intreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest, all displeasure set apart.

Your louing friend, N S.

His Answer.

Your humorous kinde of writing puts me to study for an answer, for your anger without cause, may moue cause of anger: you know you might command what I am, and will you haue more? Conceit may be deceiued, and so kindnesse abused, and suspicion of impatience hath the least part of discretion. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shall be deferred till our meeting: when, seeing your owne faults you wil not thinke amisse of your friend: Griene not then without cause, nor be caried away with conceit, and as you know my nature, command my loue, which is farre from the thought to make a friend beholding: be not discontent with a denyall, till you haue better reason of displeasure:

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but measure me with your selfe, and you shall find small cause of difference: if there be any, let kindnesse dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience heare it: so shall friends be themselves, & you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your selfe with this answer, till we meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindnesse, & rest ever

Yours as you know, T.W.

A Letter to an vnthankfull person.

I haue heard that a Prince sometime ordaining a punishment of all offences, left ingratitude to the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish enough: The tale may well be true, considering the vilenesse of such a nature, as I thinke the like liueth not in the shape of man. Couldst thou not onely forget, but abuse my kindnesse, and so make a monster of a wicked shadow: I could not haue belieued it, had not I too well proved it. But I wish you could leaue that humor, lest it make a loathsome nature: and though I will not reuenge a wrong vpon a subiect, of so much basenesse, yet will I learne to know the condition of so much vilenesse and as well warne my friends from an enemy, as further abuse mine vnto wit with so mistaking of a friend. In brieft therefore let me tell you, as I know you I regard you: and as I found you, I leaue you, as one fit, if there lacked a Card to be put into the stocke for a wicked helpe. And so sorry to haue lost so much time to write to you, I wish; all the world that knowes you to hate you.

Your enemy from the heart, D.M.

His answer.

How strangely men will write to whom impatience hath put out of order. A good turne is lost when it is cast in the receivers teeth, and abuse misconceined can hardly be wel excused: consider better of what is done, then wrong the meaning of a good mind, and you shall find without excuse no true cause of displeasure. If the information of malice, haue moued choler without iudgement, worse men must endure the miserie of euil fortune. Against my selfe I will confesse nothing, but reserve time to decide all doubts; when truth shall shew the differences betwixt a shadow and a better substance. So learning it humors to like minds, and good thoughts to better natures, hoping to find you your selfe, which will be farre

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far enough from that you write, in spite of the Devil, I commit you to God, and so rest,

Your friend whether you wil or no, D. R.

A Letter to laugh at, after the old fashion
of loue to a Maid.

After my hearty commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, and al my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time, is that, Margery, I doe heare since my coming from Wakefield, when you know what talke we had together at the signe of the blew Cuckoe, and how you did giue me your hand, and sweare that you would not forsake me for all the world: and how you made me buy a Ring and a Heart, that cost me eigh- teene pence, which I left with you, and you gaue me a Raphin to weare in my Hat, I thanke you, which I will weare to my dying day. And I marvel if it be true as I heare, that you haue altered your mind, and are made sure to my neighbour Hoglins younger Son. Truly Margerie you doe not well in so doing, and God will plague you for it: and I hope I shall live, and if I neuer haue you: for there are more maids the Maulkin and I count my selfe worthy the whistling. And therefore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God, From Callow- greene,

Your true Love, R. P.

Heranswer.

Truely, Roger, I did not looke for such a Letter from your hands, I would you should know I scozne it: Haue I gotten my Fathers, and Mothers ill Will for you, to be so used at your hands: I perceiue, and you bee so jealous already, you would bee somewhat another day. I am glad I finde you, that you can belene any thing of mee: but it is no matter, I care not, send me my Raphin, and you shall haue your Ring and your Heart for I can haue enow if I neuer see you more: for there are more Batchelors then Roger, and my penny is

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is as good sinner as yours, and therefore seeing you are so lustie, euen put
 by your pipes so; I will haue no more to doe with you : And so to say,
 nig all that euer hath bene said betwixt vs, make your choise where you
 list, I know where to be beloned, and so I end, from Wakefield.

M.R.

From a Father to his Son, aduising
 against suertiship.

M^y Son, I hope so wel of your disposition, that you will not vn-
 kindly conceine of that which in loue I write, so; such is the nature
 of my affection, as I had rather be vnderstood in careful aduising you so;
 your good, then sound winking at your ill. It is told me, which I am so;
 ry to heare, but would be more aggriened to beleue, that you are very
 ready in writing your name vnder Bills and Obligations : by which, as
 well so; your owne idle expences, as to pleasure others, in hurting your
 selfe, you begin to take by so fast, that I feare you wil be so loth taken
 downe, that you will hardly euer rise againe. Beleue me Sonne, sureti-
 ship is a priuy enemy to a good nature, which may sooner pay thee, then
 receiue one: & therefore among other things that I would haue you to take
 heed of, let suretiship be one of the chiefe: what you can spare your frinds,
 deny him not, but as you loue your libertie, beware of sealing & delinering
 Play is but los of time that might be better imploied, so; the gaine is but
 vngacious, and the losse is often grienous: and therefore vse it little, and
 rather so; company then pleasure. Dancing I allow of : but let not your
 legs sling away your wit in wasting your wealth : spend by measure,
 howsoeuer your musicke make you dance. Be careful of thy speech, thir-
 ty in thy expence, warie of thy company, and iealous of thy friend : serue
 God, and feare not the Deuill : what thou needest let me know, and in
 the care of my counsell, let me see thy loue: of which hauing no doubt, and
 therefore wishing thee all good, desirous shortly to heare from thee, I rest.

Your louing father, T.W.

The answer.

M^y deare Father, farre be it from my heart to haue an unkinde
 thought of so kinde a Father, in whose good aduice resteth the
 most part of my ioyfullie happinesse : What you haue heard, I beseech
 you

you to beléue of me: I haue sene in others so great mischiefe and miserie to ensue vpon suretiship, that I will with nener to write, then to subscribe to my ruine. For so few pay their owne debts, and so many pay for others, till they haue nothing to pay for their owne, that who keepe my friendship for that end, shall misse of my loue in another: and therefore feare not what you heare, but beléue what I say: touching Play, I loue not to trouble my bzaire with idlenesse, nor lose time in the abuse of hope: for Dancing, as it is an exercise that I do not dislike, so it is not so much my delight, but I can rather leaue it then loue it: but for my expenses, feare not so much my little care of your charge, nor lesse regard of your loue, in which, vnder heauen, holding my hearts chiefe happineste, in prayer for your health, and hearts ease, I take my leaue.

Your obedient Sonne T. W.

To a friend familiar.

Having little matter wherewith to entertaine your expectation, I haue bene enforced to study for nothing. By this bearer I know you looke to heare from mee, and to salute you with silence, were a cold commendation: Let it therefore suffice to heare of my health, and the good passages of all the proceeding touching your Labours: therein if my loue faint in labour, I will leaue to be my selfe: ere it be long I shall haue occasion to come neere you, when a few miles shall not be much out of my way to see you, when if your Falcons be in time, I shall be glad to see a flight: so soone as conveniently you may, I pray you let me heare from you: and if you come to the Colone, let my house be your Inn, where making your owne welcome, I hope wee shall be merry. And thus for want of matter, briefer then I would be, I commend my loue to your kindnesse, and so rest alwaies,

Your assured louing friend, M. P.

The answer.

He that hath his wits at commandement, needeth little to study, and therefore being prouided of inuention, a little matter will serue the turne: if of nothing you make so much, what would you doe of a little more? Thus I write, to meet with your humour, which in silence speaks more, then he who talks much to lesse purpose: In brieffe, for your kinde Letter I thanke you: for your care of my businesse I will haue

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care

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care of you and for your selfe onely I loue you. If you haue occasion to come downe, vse my house as your owne: my Falcon hath killd a Partridge, but of her flight I will make no braggs, but when you come, you shall see sport, that I am perswaded will like you: in the meane time glad to heare of your health, the continuance whereof I heartily pray for, wishing as soone as conveniently I may, to see you, that we may try a Course with our Greyhounds for a fat Bucke. Having now no matter of import wherewith to trouble you, with my most hearty commendations, I comunit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving friend, C. L.

To a familiar friend.

Either paper is scant, your affaires are great, or your spirit is lazy, that in so many weekes, I haue not heard from you so much as how doe you. The cause I would be glad to know, so it be not such as I shall be sorry to heare, that either lacke or health or libertie be not the cause of your Silence: I pray you therefore mend this little fault in friendship, to cease the trouble of imaginatiō: in a sufficient excuse set my thoughts at quiet, which being much distempored through doubt of your health, haue sent this bearer vpon purpose vnto you: whom I beseech you in all loue returne to me with all speed. Helmes we haue none worth the wearing, and therefore knowing your spirit desirous not to be troubled with toys, in that hearty loue that holds you as deare as my life, wishing no greater world's comfort then in the continuall inioying of your happie companie: hoping shortly to see you here, which can be no sooner then long wished, and shall be euer most welcome, in the unfained affection of a true friend, I rest

Yours as mine owne N. B.

The answer.

I Perceiue it true, that I haue often heard, that loue is not without jealousy, but as fearefull of hurt, as carefull of good: but to put you out of all doubts that may be some disquiet to your wished rest, let it suffice you to know my health is as you left it, I thanke God for it: my affaires are not much, but I could salute my friend, nor my spirit so laye but I could write a letter to my so much belov'd, and to excuse my Silence, let me tell you, that the last weeke I wrote vnto you by your Fathers Bailiffe,

who

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who, I marnell, hath not deliuered it ere this time: in that letter you shal find my mind touching your suit in Court, which, I feare, if it be tedious, will proue moze chargeable then commodious: but obseruing a good course, a good opportunitie may be prosperous: in my Letter I haue written at full unto you, wherein, I hope, you will cleare all suspicion of any fault in my silence, and expect my comming done ere it be long: in the meane time with hearty thanks for all kindnesse, with out any further needlesse complements, I rest

Yours as mine owne, R.B.

A Lowe Letter.

Fairest Willresse, if vpon so small conference, wordes may haue credit, shee shall not liue whose fauour shall command moze of my service: for such is the unfained affection, in which I haue deuoted my selfe to your imployment, that if there be a heauen in this world, I will seeke that Paradise, but in your kindnesse. Thinke not I seeke with eloquence to creepe into your good opinion, for I had rather bee, then seeme to bee, him that you wil I shall be: for such being your worthinesse of farre moze honor, then the seruice of my affection, will trust not his truth, who hateth the thought of dissimulation, and wisheth no greater happinesse then in the honor of your Commandement: for louing but you, being fauoured by you I cannot be happie but in you. To Court you with flatterie is too common a folly, and so by the your kindnesse were a conceit of basenesse: but to augme your seruice, let be the duty of loue, which from my heart to your eyes bee a messenger of my true thoughts, who with al their might, to my bittermost power, haue coniuured me in true seruice.

Yours onely and wholly, H.W.

The answer.

God Sir, to abuse your kindnesse, were as ungracious, as to admit your seruice might be dangerous: and therefore not unthankfull for your offer, give mee leaue to consider of the acceptation: a sudden passion holds not, and a first view may be deuisifull: lead not then your heart by your eyes, to the hurt of your spirit, and seeke not happinesse in commandement where libertie is so much contentment: liking may be short of loue, and fancie may be mistaken in the true felicitie, but if truth haue deuoted your loue, honor shall be the reward of your seruice,

which if you shall profer to one more woꝛthie, you shall make your selfe the more happie : foꝛ my selfe I wil thinke the best, till I finde the contrarie: but to avoid the woꝛst, blame me not to be carefull : a good beginning, with a better proceeding, promiseth a blessed ending : which wishing you in all those courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, having no occasion of your employment, in a friendly title of commandement, readie to acquite that kindnesse that is honorable instruction, I rest as I finde cause,

Your loving friend, M R.

To a familiar friend.

Having so fit a messenger, I could not let him passe without some remembrance of my love unto you : wherein if I may any waies pleasure you, I wil be readier to performe it then speake it : touching such things as you wꝛote unto me by the Carrier, I have taken such order foꝛ them, as I hope will be to your content : not a little glad that I had so good oportunitie to speake with the parties, so sone upon your Letter : I assure you, I found them as tractable as you could wish. I have stayed all causes till your comming to Wotone, when I hope to bring all matters to a good end: I have sent you by this Bearer a Hundlet of Sacke, I hope not of the woꝛst, howsoever it be, I wish it better then it is, I pray you take it in good part, and wꝛite mee woꝛd how you like it, that I may either thank my Wintner, or change him: newes here are none but old, or false: and therefore onely wishing you all happinesse, with my hearty commendations to your selfe, & to your good bedfellow, I commit you to the Almighty. London this tenth of Iuly. 1629.

Your loving friend T.W.

An answer.

I have received your kind Letter and friendly Token, foꝛ bo' h which, with many other good favours, I most heartily thanke you : and foꝛ your care of my businesse, be you assured it shall not be forgotten. I will be at London if I can, within this month, when you shall rule me in all things as you list : I am glad you have spoken with them, and hope by your good meanes to have a peace after a long warre : if it had not bene foꝛ mine Ague, I had bene with you the last weeke, but as sone as I am sound, I intend to see you : in the means time in requisall of your Sacke,

Backe, I haue sent you a fat Doe, which if it proue like your wine, I am sure it will passe with warrant: as it is, I commend it to your kindnesse, and my selfe to your commandement: and so hoping of your good health, which I pray for as mine owne, with thanks to your Wife for my Banbury Cheese, for which, I haue sent her a pound of Pepper that she wrote to me for: ready in what may lie in our power to pleasure either any one, or both of you as one: I take my leave at this time, but rest alwaies
Gawthorpe Dec. 22. 1619.

Your poore friend, M.R.

A Letter of Loue to a faire Mistris

Sweet Ladie, if the reach of my capacitie could climbe the hope of your fauour, it should bee a strange piece of seruice that I should refuse at your commandement: but, when I thinke vpon your Noblenesse, and then behold mine owne vntworthinesse, I can but swallow by those sighes, and dare speake nothing of my loue: and yet when I know that the eyes of honoꝝ regard vertue in no little grace, in the seruice of honoꝝ, I can feare no ill fortune: in the nature of which humblenesse, throwing my heart into your hands, at the feet of your fauour laying the height of my hopes happines, till occasion of imployment, and euer deuoted to your commandement, I rest without rest, till I may euer onely and wholly rest

Yours, in all I am, or not to be my selfe at all, D.G.

Her answer.

If I, I haue heard it of the wise, thus, If Hope climbe to honoꝝ, Vertue is a good hold, whose seruice the most noble doe most fauourably entertaine: in the nature of which humoꝝ if your affections be grounded, haue no feare of fortune, howsoever Enuy be your enemy. Who speaks all in saying nothing, may vnderstand an answer by the like reason, and thinks that hand vntworthie honour, that will not kindly regard the heart of loue: leaue then the sighes of feare to the faithlesse, and swallow not a

Godwin in a dreame, but as you find cause of honor, so perswade either your love or service, which too good for an unworthy, reserve for your better fortune: And so is the best sort of kindnesse, ready to requite your good meaning, I rest in what I may,

Your assured friend, T. N.

Robert to Margerie his sweet-heart.

MArgerie, I have received your snappish Letter whereby I see you are more angry, then I thought you would have been for a misword or two, but I hope to mend what is amisse: for I see I was too blame: for now I find the knavery of the world, I will looke a little better to my selfe: for it was your Cousins doing to devise lies, to set you and me out, but if you will be ruled by me, we will meet with them well enough: upon Friday I will meet you at the market, where we will have a Cake and a Pot, at the Wickerill and the Spurre, there we will strike up a bargain, that will not be broken in haste: and so forrie with all my heart that I have done as I have done: sending the twenty kisses by my sister Pamel, and this bowed Oat for a Love token, I rest

Yours from all the world, R. O.

Her Answer.

O Roger, the world is well amended: I thought you were misused, to write to me as you did: but friends are nere so farre out, but they may be as far in againe: and therefore since it was against your will, I forgive you with all my heart: and let my cousin doe his worst, He not goe from my word: on Friday He meet you at ten of the clocke, and bring a peece of Bacon in my pocket, to relish a cup of Ale, when it shal goe hard if all hit right, but some bodie shal wipe their nose for their knauerie, and so Roger, hoping that you will no more abuse me as you have done, to beleeue lies and tales of mee, till you know the truth, treading all unkindnesse under foot, I rest, with all my heart, as I was and will be ever,

Yours, as you know, M. R.

From a Yeoman in the Country, to his Sonne in London.

So, you know what charge I have been at with you, as well in being, Sing you up to London, as in furnishing you for your preferment: all which

which I hope you will haue such care of, that I shall not thinke any thing lost that I haue done for you: in any wise serue God, please your Father, and be carefull of such things as you are put in trust with, be rather an example of good then of euil, and haue patience with all things, howsoeuer you are crost in your expectation: beware of euil company, and Wilde, and Drunkennesse, and take heed of following of faire women. I shall be glad to heare well of you, and as I see you thristie you shall find me kind, your Father is an honest man, and a good Trade is gainfull: but, I hope, I shall not need to bee too earnest in aduising thee for thy welfare. God, who hath created thee, I hope, will so blesse thee, that I shall haue ioy of thee: and for my selfe, with my blessing, I haue sent thee herein closed a token of my loue: vse it to thy good: shortly, God willing, thou shalt heare further from me: in the meane time and euer, I rest,

Your louing Father, T.N.

An answer of the Sonne to the Father.

My good Father, I haue receiued your kind Letter and taken, for which I humbly thank you: for such things as you wish me so haue care of, be you assured I will not be vniuersall of: for, my Father, I thanke God, he putteth me in trust moze then I wil speake, and bleseth me so kindly, that I were a Jew if I should deceiue him: but my Distresse is so perillous a Woman, that if she be displeased, there is no quiet with her: but all the House may learne patience of my Father: and therefore I will feed her humour, and let her haue her saying: for Women, when I meane to liue, I will take choice: and for euill company, I hope, God wil blesse me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore feare not but I hope one day to giue you cause to thinke all wel bestowed that you haue, or wil lay out for me: I haue sent you by this Bearer a Hawking bag, my Mother a paire of Cloues, and my Sister a Circle: my Father hath him heartily commended vnto you & to my Mother: and desires you to send him by a good Cheese, which he will requite: he hath sent my mother a pound of sugar, and giueth her thanks for her fine Puddings: this is all that at this time I haue to write vnto you, and therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health and long life, with my humble duty to you and my good Mother, and commendations to all my Friends, I commit you to the Almighty.

London.

Your louing sonne W.N.

To

A Packet of Letters.

To a Wife in the Country.

God Wile in al kindnesse I commit me to thy selfe, assuring thee, that I thinke it long til I haue dispatched my businesse, and am at home againe: But I hope of good successe in my suite, for my Counsell doth warrant my case cleere: Upon Friday next I shall haue triall, which I doubt not will goe on my side: if it doe not, my thought is taken, so; I thanke God I can liue without it, though I would be loth to lose it. My health, I thanke God, I haue well, and pray for the same to thee and thine. I pray you send me by twenty pounds by this Bearer, with all speed, and within five dayes after the dispatch of my businesse, expect my comming downe: In the meane time kisse my little Babes for mee, to whom with thy selfe, I send my hearts hoping commendations, and so in haste I commit thee to the Almighty.

London,

Your very loving husband, W. T.

Her answer.

Sweet heart, your Messengers haste makes me haster than other: Wile I would be, The good dispatch of your businesse I hope, & heartily pray for: your health I am glad of, and your returne cannot be so soone as wished for: Your money I haue sent by this Bearer. Your little ones with my selfe would be glad to see you, who doe not a little misse you for diuers causes too tedious at this time to trouble you withall: But in any wile remember your Girls Cawle, and your Boyes hat, which will not be a little welcome. But good Husband, make one end or another with it this Wearme, lest delates and demurres, make you to spend more in it then it is worth: But you know what to doe better then I can aduise you: and therfore leaving it to your discretion, to do what shall best please you, I commit you to God, and rest, in haste.

Chaulkley.

Your very loving Wife, M. T.

A Packet of Letters.

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A Letter vpon ordinary causes.

SIr, it is giuen me to vnderstand by some that lately came from those parts, that in the Islands there haue arriued of late, certaine Fisher-men, that by a crosse winde, and sudden tempest, are diuen into your harbours: if it be true, and that they lie there for any time, I pray you faile me not to buy me a hundred of Ling, as much Haberdine and other fish, such as you think good: I would lay out a hundred pounds willingly: what you lay out, you shall vpon your letter haue paid here in London, to whom you shall direct it: I haue sent downe by the Carrier a peece of broad-cloth, of the same colour whereof you wrote vnto me: I am assured it will be to your liking: if you need any more of any thing else that may lye in my power, I pray you make as bold of me, as any friend you haue. Cole-fish and poze: I haue no need of, & therefore hoping that you wil husband my purse as a friend, with my hearty commendation, I commit you to the almighty. London this 8. of Nouember, 1630.

Your louing Friend, M.R.

The answer.

SIr, your Letter & peece of Cloth, I haue receiued, for which I heartily thanke you, for which you shall receiue money by my Cousin at Dice-key, when it please you to send to him: But for the Fisher-men, indeed they put in for a night, but in the morning the wind came faire, and they put to sea againe: so that except a few Ling that they bestowed vpon our Bayoz and Bayliffes, for some fresh victuall that they had from vs, there was little bought here at this time: but we heare of them that shortly we shall haue a fleet come by vs, when, if there be any good to be done, I will not faile to befriend you to your content: in the meane time wishing any good occasion, wherein I might requite your kindnesse, in prayer for your health and hearts ease, I commit you to God: Yarmouth this 15. of December. 1630.

Yours assured to command, T.D.

A Letter to a friend for dispatch of businesse.

I Am bold to intreat your kindnesse, to read me in what you may touching the purchase of the Hills and Hop-gardens, for which if your neighbour will take mine offer, I am for him, or else I must otherwise determine of my money that I haue reserved onely for that vse. I am offered great penni-worths in diuers places: but the ayze please

A Packet of Letters.

me well about that house, and the trouts in the little brookes haue made me haue a great mind to dwell thereabouts : if therefore you can bring him to my price , I will be beholding to you : if not , let me know his mind, and I am satisfied: for to tel you the troth, I would haue it though it cost me more then it is worth , and so intreating you to doe me what good you can herein for, which you shall not find me vnthankfull, I rest,

Your louing friend A.W.

The answer.

I receiued your Letter, dated the xiiij of this moneth, whereby I vnderstand your mind touching the lease of the two Dilles and Hoppe-gardens : but I cannot bring it to passe one penny vnder the Sum, whereupon he tels me you were in a manner agreed: the man is hard but very honest: and the Land good, and lieth finely to the house : the Soyle is healthfull : and there is good store of Springes, besides, the Riuer is not farre off, whereby you may haue carriage weekly from the City vpon a small reckoning : but vse your discretion, the price you know, and me you may command, but time would not be deferred, for there are many about it: and therefore leaning to your discretion, either to take it, or refuse it, with assurance of my helpe to the utmost my power, either in this or what else may pleasure you, I alwaies rest

Yours as you know, T.D.

Letters of loue betwixt Rinaldo and Lorina.

Fairest of the world, and sweetest on the earth : the beantie of whose eyes puts the best wits to admiration: and the wisdome of whose government commands the honoz of lones seruice : how should my amazed spirit hope of power to presume neere the happinesse of your fauour: For Fortune is my euer sworne enemy, and desert must take place in a high or reach, then the longest arme of my vnworthinesse: yet let mee not be so dejected

deprived of Reason, that I may not looke into the nature of Vertue, where honour in kindnesse makes beauty Angelicall: but in the humilitie of affection to offer the imployment of my service, in which if I faile the expectation of your affection, vpon the condemnation of insufficiencie, let disgrace be my deadly punishment: where, in the Labyrinth of sorrow I may languish all my daies. But if the Fates bee not too froward in crossing the endeours of my duty, be you gracious vnto loue, that hath wholly swozne me your servant: with which title if I may be honozed, I will seeke no other colozs of my comfort. But fearing your unknowne occasions of affaires, I will not be tedious to your patience, but rest euer in my loue,

Your vowed, though not allowed Seruant, Rinaldo.

Her answer.

VVirtuest of an hundred, & craftiest of a thousand: whose eloquence like inchantment, would take prisoner a weak judgement. How should my simple capacitie conceine the drift of your aduice? Fortune is but a fiction: and therfore it is no matter for her friendship, while desert hath a power in the preferment of dutie, and loue in vertue giues an honour to beautie: where, if Reason be carefull, Affection may be ioyfull. But leave Angels to the heauens, and take head of devils on the earth which vnder the cloake of humilitie hide the head of ambition. Perfection hath no affinitie with Corruption: and what the heauens determine, the world must indure. But in flatterie of my perfection you haue deceived my expectation, who imagining you wise, am sorrie to see the contrarie: and if I might bee iudge, the Law should quickly haue his course, where dissimulation appearing, should bee condemned to perpetuall dishaue: but hoping better of your humors then to wrong the simplicitie of belasse, let the patience of affection lead you out of the Labyrinth of sorrow, to the mountaine of that blisse, whose vertue may giue you grace, to the attainment whereof leauing your thoughts to their best issue, I rest, as I may,

Your friend Lorina.

A Reply.

The high honour of your Vertue, that from the merit of your graces
 fixeth through the world, so farre beyond frame, as makes her ama-
 zed of her wonder, so dampeth the power of my spirit, that as an eye
 which is beholding the Sun, twinkleth with the lids for feare to lose the
 sight: so the humble eye of my heart, that in beholding the bright beames
 of your Sunnis beauty, trembling in feare by presumption to lose the
 life of loves hope, submitteth it selfe to the will of that power, which in
 pittie may save, or in fury may kill the life of that creature, who at the
 feet of your favour hath laid the height of his felicitie. Shew therefore
 the heavenly nature of that vertue which may purchase you this ho-
 nour: take not pleasure in destruction, that may be gracious in comfort:
 but lead the heart by your eye, that hateth the light, but in your love:
 where in the glasse of clearest grace, truth may see her beauty unspotted:
 and honour in truths service, craves but the entertainment of employ-
 ment: in which, time shall confirme that care shall ever conclude: my
 thoughts shall be onely honozed in your service, and my love ever happie
 in your commandment: in hope whereof, if I may, I will rest.

Yours ever, Rinaldo.

Her answer.

The low course in loves comfort that you take, to leade you into my
 liking, is so farre from the nature of good desert, that I know not
 whether silence were a fit answer to idlenesse, or reprehension a just re-
 ward for indiscretion: and therefore in doubt what to doe, pardon me, if
 I doe not as I should: for though wisdom would admit no cause of dan-
 ger yet courtisie is such law in nature, as is too great a friend to love. Yet
 if I could chide and not bee angry, I could wish you leane a creeping
 climbing, lest you be thought a baser creature, then may it and with the
 honoz of your condition. Leane a twinkling eye to Diollie sights, and fi-
 gure not the Sun in the Cipher of a shadow: nor presume further then
 you may passe without feare: but in submission use that discretion, that
 may maintain the reputation of affection: and be perswaded that Vertue
 cannot be ungracious, howsoever folly runne upon destruction: mur-
 ther

ther is hatefull to nature, and loue is the ioy of reason : what then should trouble a good spirit that is possessed of no enill humour : but in the resolution of honour, to build the hope of his happinesse, and while colours are fittest for Painters, to march vnder the Ensigne of truth : where in the field of Fame, Vertue carrieth the victoꝝy : to the triall of which service leaning the happie event of your adventures, I rest as I may,

Your poore friend assured, Lorina.

A familiar Letter to a friend in the Countrey.

How neare ingratitude is to forgetfulnesse, I would be loth my silence should make pꝛoofe, especially knowing the kind welcome of my vnwoorthy Letters : and therefore vnderstand you, that all things are here as you left them, health nothing impaired, and our substance (if we may so terme our drossie treasure) little diminished, but our mindes, through want of your company, not so merry as when you were with vs : for the fustie spirits of vnseasoned wits, who vnderstand no other wealth then their owne will, make time tedious, which (were it better exercised) would be more pleasing : and to tell you truth, were not booke my better friends, I should be subiect to much melancholy : but my Library, though but little, stands mee in much good stead, in which if there be any booke that may pleasure you, I pray you make vse of it : and so soone as you well may, let mee intreat your returne, and till then your often writing, that we may ioy in our health, which as I hope of, I daily pray for : Fewes here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being as yet altogether vncertaine what to beleue, till I haue further certaine intelligence, I will craue pardon at this time, and rest alwayes

Your assured Friend A. T.

His answer.

In reading your Letter, then which nothing but your selfe can be more welcome, me thinks I see the meeting of two Louers in a morning,

who surely dreaming of each other in their sleep, scarce well awake, came out with a kind of wonder, Oh Lord, how haue you done since yesternight so may I say to you: it is not a full weeke since we were together, & shall we feare silence for so little a while? But what shall I say: It is a pleasing humor to sollicite loue, and a content to the mind to continue quietnesse, which fortune crossing in want of presence, wit can worke in spite of absence, let then the muddie fish dwell in mirie Lakes, and the better natures seek sweeter places: and for thy Library I will not make thee iealous of my loue, but let me tell thee, they are most sweet companions, and so for their owne sakes esteeme them: and though I loue them, yet will not I depriue thee of any of them: for an vnderstanding spirit they are a kind of Paradiſe. Now for my health, I thanke God I need no Physicke, and for my purse, it hath bent enough for letting my money grow rusty: and for my mind, to tell thee truth, it is with God and thee: with whom I hope to be shortly, till when, and then, and ever, I rest

What mine thine, N.B.

A Letter from a Father to his Sonne
at the Vniuersitie.

My deare Sonne, as nothing can ioy the heart of a Father more, then the obedience of a louing child, so can there be nothing more grieuous, then the stubbozne spirit of an vgracious Sonne. I speake this to thee, knowing thy yeares and vnderstanding able to digest the consideration of my desire, which, in summe, is my ioy in thy good. For, let me tell thee, my estate thou knowest, and how much I haue strained my credit for thy advancement: to which, learning being a spacie and assured good meane, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit, in such fruits of thy study, as with the blessing of God may hasten thy preferment, I am sozrie to tell thee, that I heare thy diligence doth not answer my desire, and would gladly wish it otherwise: but I hope a kind Admonition will suffice to worke a good nature: and therefore will rather hope the best then doubt the contrarie: and in the loue of a Father, let me intreat thee to auoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an enemy then a friend: the feminine sex are dangerous to affect: for as they will be a losse of time, so with hinderance of studie they will procure expence. The excuse of the bodie I admit for thy health, but let thy loue be in thy learning, else wilt thou neuer be good Scholler: for Desire and delight are the best Passers

Passers both of Art and Knowledge, while reason vertuous, makes understanding gracious. And therefore not out of the bitter humour of displeasure, but the carefull nature of affection, I write vnto thee for thine owne good: and so praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to blesse thee, with my hearts loue, to the Lords blessing I leaue thee.

Thy louing father, H.N.

An answer of the Sonne to the Father.

After the bands of humble dutie, my good Father, I haue receiued your most kinde and louing Letter, in which, how much I haue receiued, I cannot expresse: feareing rather your sharpe rebuke, then louing admonition: but God is himselfe, who can and doth worke moze in some natures with a kind chiding, then in some other with many stripes: I know you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore doe thus kindly touch the hurt of vniheedfulnesse: for which how much I doe humbly thanke you, I hope my care of your counsell, in time, shall pleasingly tell you: therefore, for what ill you haue heard grieue not: and of the good you may heare, doubt not: and beleue mee, for I will not abuse your trust, what vanitie soeuer I haue seemed to effect, my Books hath bene the Mistresse of my loue: in which, how much I will labour, and from which, what profit I will gather, your hope shall see in the effect of Gods blessing: without the which, how dangerous are diuers Studies to the understanding of vngacious spirits, I would it were not knowne in any, and pray God that none may know it in me: my preferment I leaue to Gods pleasure, who best knoweth how to dispose of his seruants: and for your contentment, that it may be in my obedience. Your health as my worlds happinesse, I pray for: mine owne moderate exercise, with abstinence from excessse, both with Gods blessing hold me in good state: and for the feminine sex, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them, then be acquainted with them: for I allow of your opinion touching them: and so hoping that ere long, you shall receiue as much content of my courses, as you haue euer doubted the contrarie: in the duty of my humble loue I take my leaue for this time, but rest alwaies

Your obedient Sonne, T.N.

To his deare and onely beloued Mistresse

Susan Pearle.

Sweetest of my thoughts, and nearest of my loue, if Reason had the power to expresse the nature of my passion, I am perswaded that the eyes of thy beauntie would bouchsafe a kinde looke vpon the heart of my loue, which continually languishing in the doubt of my affection, desireth not to liue, but in the comfort of thy kindnesse: loath I am with ceremonious eloquence to moue suspicion of truth: and yet an Orient Pearle would be set in pure gold: grosse speeches fit not fine spirits: and for your selfe, I will rather honoꝝ then flatter you: and if I may serue you, I will so wel deserue of you, that I will lay the hope of my worlds happinesse vpon the honour of your fauour: setting aside all care of other contentment, I haue bequeathed my life to your loue: in which, if I faile in the truth of your trust, let me receiue the reward of your disgrace: which being moze direfull then death can be, let me but intreat your admission of my seruice, beleeue of my loue, and regard of my triall: which be it in body, or in mind, shal haue no rest, but in your pleasure. What shall I say: but time is pretious, and delayed patience in Passion most grievous: ha, then therefore I beseech you, the hope of my desire, in the happinesse of your commandement, and let no cloud of mistrust barre me the light of your loue, which being on this earth the onely bright Starrs that leads me to my worlds heauen, let me liue as in death, til I may reuiue in this comfort: in hope whereof, and desire of which, laying the head of my fortune at the feet of your honoꝝ, I rest with little rest, till I may fully and wholly rest

Yours onely and all, or mine owne nothing at all, T. I.

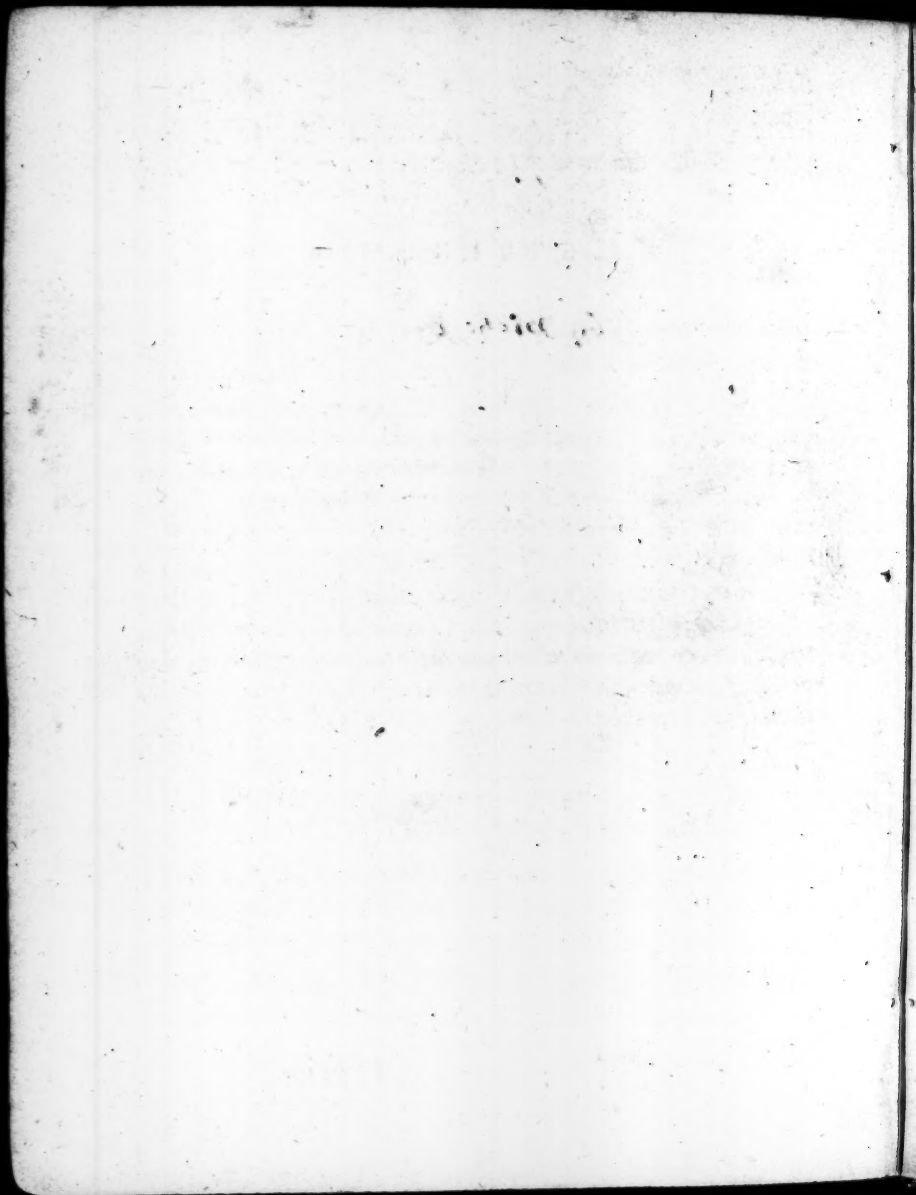
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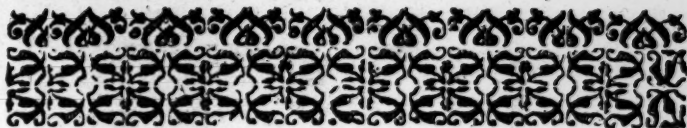
A P O S T E
VVITH A PAC-
KET OF MAD
LETTERS.

by Mich: Burton.



LONDON,
Printed for *John Marriot.*
1633.





TO THE READER.



Reader, I know not what you are, and therefore I cannot well tel what to say: onely this at aduerture: if you be wise, you will not play the foole in scoffing at that which perhaps may deserue a better countenance: if you be not wise, I can but pray for your better understanding: howsoeuer you be, I wil hope the best of you, that you will thinke of my Worke as it deserues, which is as much as I desire. If you get any good by it, thanke me for it: if hurt, thanke your selfe for your abuse of that might serue you better. This is all I can & will at this time say vnto you: my intent was to pleasure many, and you may be one of them: and to hurt none at all, and therefore not you. So leauing my Booke to your liking, as it falleth out, I rest as I haue reason,

Your friend,

Nicholas Breton,



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A POSTE WITH A
PACKET OF MAD
LETTERS.

A Letter betweene the Knight *R.M.*
and the Lady *E.R.*

Faire Lady,

Swcet should be that spirit, which through the instinct
of loue vnderstandeth the silence of truth, whose tongue
is the heart, whose words are sighes, in which are hid-
den the secret fruits of those Trees, that onely grow in
the Paradise of reason : Touchsafe then, faire eye,
more bright then the Sunne beames ; with one splendent glance of
your gracious fauor, to blesse this rude and unworthy Paper, the
which if it haue made you any way offended, in the fire consume it :
but if through the powder of the fates, or the effect of your kindnesse,
it may do you the least pleasure, let him be metamorphosed to worse
then nothing, that would be any thing, but that Letter, during your
reading, or euer any other thing, then at your pleasure in your ser-
uice, so that vnder heauen, hauing no cause of comfort, but in my
concealed hope of your grace, let all worlds sweet be as bitternesse to
my thought, that shall seek sweetnesse in other sense: so looking for no
felicitie but in the nest of the Phoenix, which is in the admiration of
honor, in the humility of loue, I rest,

Yours deuoted to be commanded, R.M.

Her Answer.

VV I should might well appeare in that heart, which could pierce into the conceit of that spirit, that with the figures of love, deceives the sense of simplicitie: which not suspecting euill, finds seldome other substance. O worse Truth, how is thy title made a shadow of deceit: while in seeking of Paradise folly falls into Del: yet not to inuolue any creature, happy may be line that makes Faith his felicitie, and pardoned be that Paper that does but his masters message: let then sighes bee buried in the death of forgetfulness, while silence vnderstandeth that vertue speaketh: and in the fire of that flame, whose heat is more felt then seene, be that Letter burned that offends me with pleasure: so assuring my selfe, that if from the nest of the Phoenix you passe without a feather, either the figure wil be a Cypher, or the fancy affection: so leauing your best thoughts to a blessed illne, I rest affectionately, Yours in what I may, E.R.

His reply.

V I wish you should that heart bee of the least of loves happinesse, that can haue power to giue place to the posson of Deceit: and more then miserable were the life, that to Del makes such a passage. Oh blessed Creature, doe not thinke the world to bee the Cane of the accursed. Nor doe a inuolue to love, in the suspicion of truth: simple Faith hath no feare, and true love cannot faine: but if silence bee the onely answer of the expectation of comfort, hope in obscurenesse must seek the happinesse of desire: but let not fancie bee a Cypher, when Faith knowes no fiction: but let your fauour be the Feather in the nest of my honours Phoenix: which till I may kindly receiue, I shall in the sun-beames of your beauty consume to the ashes of discontent, in which, commending the summe of my life, to the true and honourable seruice of love, I rest,

Yours what mine owne, R.M.

The

The answer.

Vigilacious is that spirit, that through suspicion of Deceit, doth industrie to loose : and blessed is that fancie, that lines onely by faith: swete is the warre, where kindnesse ends the quarrell, and kille the hurt, where hope is a most present and readie helpe: in brieft, they are blind travellers, that in seeking to find Heauen, go to Hell : and if I loue be himselfe, he hath life in assurance : let it then suffice you, to find the dwe of Desert, where Desire exceeds not limits of Reason: so, in the nature of that honour, that giues Vertue her best grace, commending the comfort of your care to the condition of your conceit, I rest, as I haue occasion to equall honour in true affection.

Yours as I find cause, E. R.

A merrie Letter from a conceited friend
to his like familiar.

Honestie, I hope I am in the right, except the great Wind haue blowne cleane away your best wit : giue me leave, spight of your teeth, to tell you that I loue you, and lest I should grow deafe, I would be glad to heare of you: and therefore hauing a fit messenger I thought it not amisse to write, not for any thing I haue to say, but that while I thinke on you, you should see I doe not forget you : for though complements are but idle, yet they make words instead of other matter. Now to the purpose, you shall vnderstand, that at the writing hereof, a sudden occasion of businesse made me make an end ere I had begun, and therefore intending to write I know not what, to abridge my conceit I know not how: but hoping that you are wise enough to thinke what you list, I will onely pray for you, that being in as good health as I left you, as soone as conveniently you can, I may meet with you, when, and where it shall please you: for as you know, I am for you in all kindnesse to quite you, and so to him that made you, euer to blesse and keepe you, with my hearty commendations I leave you,

Tours what mine owne, N. B.

An

An answer to the same.

Merry Gigge, I am sure I am not in the wrong, except the
Suns radiant beames haue dried by your bzaines since I
left you: Let me, for I will tell you, that in my lone I out-leape you,
and will not be so idle, as not to answer you, that my senses doe not
so faile me, but that I vnderstand you, and hauing no better compa-
ny, would be glad to be troubled with you: for you haue not a kind
thought wherein I doe not quarrell with you, whether is of more
force in the nature of true friendship: which because Fortune fauours
few fooles this yeare, we must tarry longer to play our game: but
nener too late to goe to an ill bargaine, for now we do but talke, our
Purses take no hurt, but when the Terme comes, that wee may
ioyne issue in our cause I feare the Kings head in Fishstreet will
find vs too good Clients: but all is well thai ends well, except it
were bad in the beginning, as I thinke by this my Letter: for being
troubled with I le not tell you what lest it should make you thinke I
care not what, I haue written what you may read, and do as you see
cause, either to reply vpon imperfectio or let it rest with a Non-plus:
and so not doubting you to be your selfe, and to put me in the number
of your second selfe, I rest to your selfe, and my selfe,

One alwaies yours, H.W.

A reply to the last letter, with some newes.

If you were as wise as I could wish you, I could take a little
paines to write vnto you: and yet for that you vnderstand your
selfe, I care not if I trouble you with a little idlenesse. In the Pa-
rish of Saint Aste, at the signe of the Hobbi-horse, Maid Marrian
and the ffoole sell together by the eares with the Piper: so that had
not the good-man of the Pelwater-Candlesticke set in for the Pozis-
dance, the Day game had bene quite spoiled: but when the game
had gone round, and their bzaines were well warmed, their legges
grew so nimble, that their heeles went higher then their heads: but
in all this cold sweate, while lusty guts and his best beloued were
casting whaypes eyes at a Cods head, Hue and Cry came suddenly
thozow

thozoto the stréte. The Fore hath killed a tame Goose: at the sudden noise wherof the multitude were so scared, that all the Sports dancers were diuided, and the Foole ran home to your towne: but because we haue some misse of him in our Parish, I pray you keepe him not too long with you: and so for lacke of better present occurrents, content your selfe with such newes as the time affords you: hereafter you may haue better, till when, and alwaies, I rest as you know,

Yours T.R.

An answer to the newes.

If you were not moze then halfe mad, you would not haue danced such a Trenchmoze with your little wife, but yet since I ghesse it is about the ful of the moone, I wil hope shortly of your amendment: in the meane time let me aduise you to take patience in your vnderstanding, to direct you in a better course: for when you waked out of your dreame, you saw no body, but the man that you thought was runne to our towne, and he was putting you on a Coat with foure Elboes: for Paid Parrian, she, I thinke, is troubled with you in her Creame-pot: but for the Hobbie-horse, alas, he hath forgot your turns: and thefoze you should do wel to make repaire to our Market. I thinke it will be a Saints day, when if a naughtie Bird doe not crosse the Nightingale, you shall heare some strange musicke about our Wedow-plot, and at the least you shall heare the old Song that you were wont to like well off, sung by the blacke byzoves with the cherrie-chake, vnder the side of the pide Colw: Come line with me and be my Loue: you know the rest, and so I rest,

Thine what mine, N.R.

Another Reply.

O Wane Oliuer, leane me not behind you: you play the Merchant all the weeke, and make all whole vpon the Holidiey, you would be angry if you could tell how: and yet having the Cards

in your hand, you cannot choose but turne by the Roodie : the matter is not great , that Tayloꝝ that sitteth my Coate , hath made you many a Jacket, where if it were not foꝝ displeasing Iacke an Apes, I could make him fall out with his Wozkin in, foꝝ acquainting you with his inuention : but let this passe, and to a better purpose : my Neighbour and your good friend hath a welcome in store foꝝ you , and his eldest daughter would make you both a husband and a Wozther, her wozth you know, and his wealth will do no hurt : I should be glad of your good Fortune, and you I thinke should play well at, be you pleased : and so much foꝝ the conclusion: now foꝝ newes. I heare none of late , but that the Bailiffe of our hundred hath had a mischance, his Wife taking a blow that neuer smarted, he hath a paine in his head, that cannot be cured, foꝝ hauing no other Plaster but patience, is resolved to make good chere with his friends , and finding himselfe alone , is content to make merrie with good fellows: this is all foꝝ this time, and so in haste I end,

Yours N.B.

An answer.

When twit goes a wool-gathering, the chyd of it may be fine if it be well spunne: I see you haue little to doe that hate so much leasure to play your Luripups : if I could meet you right, I would sit you a pennie-wozth: but though I cannot pay you your due, I will not die in your debt, and though I play at Roodie, I wil not take the Card out of your hand: foꝝ I know not how you can spare him: but leauing Gamblers to their trickes, and Iacke-an-apes to his Honkie, let me tell you, that foꝝ your neighbour you are so nere him, that I need not to trouble him: and foꝝ his wealth and her wozth you know well enough what to doe with them : foꝝ my selfe, I loue not to shake hands with your Constable in the companie of kinde fellowship, but yet not inuolging an honest Wench, I will wish her better fortune then any affliction : and so commending my selfe, I wil assist thee with my good Wzayers, that the Bailiffe of the Hundred may find thee one among a thousand, I meane to shake hands, but not heads with: and so in some little occasion of sudden businesse, I will here conclude foꝝ this time, and alwaies rest,

Thine, R.M.
To

A Packet of Letters.

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To my Honourable good Lord, my

Lord *Morafi*.

Right Honourable: to expresse vnto your good Lordship the humble dutie of my affection, I cannot better doe it, then by this Bearer: whom for many good parts fitting your Honors pleasure, I can well commend to your favourable entertainment: for, as good Masters are like blacke Swans, so such Seruants are choise Creatures: for a little matter of small moment will choise by Folly about the Clouds, while Wisdom runs a course of a more careful temper: such I hope, shall you find your Seruant, whose wit and conscience take such counsell in all his actions, that the iudgements of good experience hold him worthis good account: for my selfe, lest I may be partiall, I will leane his praise to your prooue: and in hope of your contentment, onely intreat your entertainment: shortly I hope to see you: till when perswaded that his seruice shall gaine him more praise then my Pen, I will leane his qualities to your tryall, and his seruice to your fauour, and so in infragible loue rest during life,

Yours assured in true affection, R.B.

To my louing Cousin, T.W.

Iustice of Peace.

While Sir, I would be glad to write you newes of the dispatch of your busines, but yet it will not be: for Lawyers being full of Clients, cannot answer all men at once: and therefore considering your matter is in a case of more conscience then gaine, I must attend the leisure of your Counsellor, who as he is wise, I doubt not but will prove honest: and then a little time will be well bozne with, that brings a good houre at the last: your atuersarie is full of money, and trudgeth vp and downe like a Fore, but I hope in stead of a Goose, he will be choaked with a feather: haue you no feare nor care of it, for I doubt not, to effect it to your content: and so much for your Law businesse. Now, for other matters, the occurrents of time are either so frivolous or dangerous, that I thinke silence better blamed then babling: for though there be few Partridges, yet there are many Setters here in this Towne, who listen for speech, intercept Letters, accuse the simple, and vndoe the foolish: and therefore I had rather be silent with the Fightingale til May, then prate like a Cuckoe out of season: yet for that you shall not

thinke me fearefull of sparrow-blaſſing, I will write you a little newes. Tobacco is like to grow a great commoditie, for there is not an Miller nor a Tapher, but will be at his whiffe or two, and use it as a ſhwing bozne to draw on a pot of Beere. Bottle Ale is more common then good, and yet deare enough, it is ſo taken vp with the drunken crew. Wherues are well wooed, and yet beſides thone-groate Weaſters, there are ſome lookers now and then. Painting was neuer ſo common, and prettie cheape. And for Women, ſome goe like Anticks, ſome like Maſkers, ſome proudly ſober, and ſome like careleſſe reſolution, but ſome ſeto like Angels: but they are too high for men, and therefore I leaue them to higher powers: now men are as in times paſt: if young, hardly wiſe, though wiſtle: if aged, wiſe: if wealthy, ſerued and honored: if poore at leaſt ſcorned, if not worſe uſed: if wiſe perhaps implored: if fooliſh, baffled: this I ſay, for the moſt part, for ſome time, for ſome cauſe both youth, and age, and pouertie, and follie, are finely bozne withall: but for that this is rather an old obſeruatiō then any new matter, I will end my long Letter with neuer ending loue: and ſo in hope of your health commit you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Couſin, W.R.

To the right Honourable, his very good Lord,
the Lord W.H.

Right Honourable, your Nobleneſſe neuer ceaſing to bend my ſervice to your kindneſſe, hath made me at this inſtant to preſume a little vpon your good fauour: So it is, my good Lord, that I am thortly to beſtow a Daughter of mine in marriage vpon a Gentleman of ſome worth, and according to our cuſtome, friends muſt be feaſted, when a Paſſie of Meniſon is a grace to the whole ſervice: your Honor ſhall much pleaſure me, and, as often heretofore, giue me no little cauſe to be thankfull: my ſtate is not great, but my loue ſo farre aſſured, as therein I may deſerue that I cannot requite, I ſaile of my hope, but I wil diſcharge ſome part of my debt: and ſo not doubting your fauour to this my ſute for a Bucke: Beſeeching God to adde happineſſe to your good health, I humbly take my leaue,

Your honours in all humbleneſſe, R.S.

A Packet of Letters.

63

To his deare friend, Master F.R. at his
Lodging in the Temple.

M^y Noble friend, you wrote of late unto me for my opinion of your intent, and aduice for your course: which two points, I will touch as truly and fitly as I can. Your intent is to leane your Studie, and first to Court, and then to armes, but what hath altered your intent in Studie, to fall vpon an intent to strange courses: For your Bookes peaceably intreat of those things which you may finde disquiet in passing through. For, touching your first course, is it not better to reade of Princes, then to carrie their Crowns: You cannot seele their burthens, except you haue their Cares. How full of perils are their pleasures: See how many instruments of mischiefe doth the Demill send into the World to crosse the courses of good Princes, that are leading their people to Heauen: And if they bee Welues to their stony Flockes, how safe is it to be farre from their Courts: Now, leauing good Princes to Gods blessing, and others to his amendment, goe a little to his Counsell. Oh how great are the weight of their charges: And how many the natures of their troubles: Who if they all be of one minde, and as it were one bodie of manie members, yet sometime a Toe, or a finger, a hand, or an Arme, a Tooth or an Eye, a Tongue, or an Ear, may perhaps, be out of temper, and so, that all the bodie, may be out of frame: say their wits are great through experience of place: and their powers great in the vertue of fauour, yet withall, when experience is put to a new studie, prouidence must trie the power of wit with no little trouble, and when pleasures hold in power, loue hath no place in seruilitie: and when power rests vpon fauour, what is the feare of fortune: And further, is not the care of a Common-wealth, a continuall toile of wit: Power a dangerous step to pride, hatefull in the highest eye: and Fortune unfaithfull in all her fauours: Rather read thou the laudable carriage of their courses in the seruice of Kings, then seeke in Court to see their kindly courses. For God onely knoweth their consciences, themselves onely their care, and thou canst not know their crosses. But leauing them to their honorable proceedings, goe a little vnder to the Ladies, and what shalt thou see: Either a Creature like an Angel, if vertuous: or worse the a woman, if vicious: perhaps thou shalt see painting spoile a good complexion, or deceiue a simple eye, sight: heare out of a fine presence, a fond spirit speake wise, and perhaps

Perhaps, an idle wit play the *Wanton*. Now, what art thou bene-
 fit, by all this? Abuse thine eye with a picture, offend thine eare by
 follie, or lose thy time in idlenesse. Were it not better for thee to read
 the fiction of *Venus*, then to be *Servant to Vanitie*? And to laugh
 at fancy, then to follow follie? Yea, say there be a *Phoenix* among
Birds, if her Nest be too high, take heed of climbing, for feare of a
 fall: take heed of the Object that makes an Abiect of a Subject. But
 looke aside at the *Attendants*, what shall you see? Cost and Courtesie,
 long service, painful dutie, hope of favour, with feare of displeasure, a
 great Haruest, many Labourers, & few gainers, and it must be so:
 for desires are many, but deserts few, and therefore they have little.
 In summe a Prince thou canst neuer be, a Councello; neuer thinke
 to be: Ladies are lonelie, but beauty is costly: & the charge of atten-
 dance may bring hope to assurance. In my opinion therefore, thy in-
 tent is not good, and thy proceeding will be worse in thy humour of
 courting. Now, for Armes, is it not better to read of Noble *Kings* of
Conquerors, then to try the miserie of the conquered, and to suffice
 Nature with a little, then to starue for want of food? Wh the danger
 of death, the doubt of victories, the crosse of valor, the terror of
 sacking a Citie, the defence of a battle, the sight of blood the cares of
 the sorrowful, and the confedacation of conscience: Wh these, with
 manie other ill bankets, bitter stozmes, deadly wounds, cold lodgings
 hard fare, stinking Drinke, and lowlye rags: and who knowes how
 long? These things, I say, with what else, I say not, are sufficient I
 hope to diswade thee from so desperate a course: rather read of true
 valour, and vpon good cause and fit time adventure life for Honour,
 for thy Country, thy Religion or thy life: otherwise vnder the shew
 of seeking Honour, go not like a hired Butcher to kill beasts, like a
 Tyrant to kil men for money, remember what thou hast read, Ble-
 ssed are the Peace-makers: See the Peace and ensue it, for God wil
 blasse it if he make it. Yet if needs thou wilt goe to the field, begin
 not with thy Court, lest dainty fare, ease and idlenesse, make thee
 unfit to aduenture the hard course of honour: but though in regard of
 the great trauels, and perils in those passages, the titles of Honor
 doe most truly belong to the well-deseruers, while Valour sholuen
 in Mercie, doth grace Noblenesse in Goodnes, yet for that thinke thy
 Bodie not answerable to the spirit, out of my loue I haue written thee
 my Advice, hoping that it wil take effect, though not as I wish, yet
 such

such as may be to thy good: and so knowing thy iudgement sufficient to determine of thy best course, I leave thee with it to the direction of of the Almighty, whom I beseech ever so to bless thee, that I may alwaies heare well of thee, and reioice to see thee: From my lodging in the little Colledge, this tenth of August, 1627.

Thine more then spoken, N. B.

A Letter of a Batchelor to a rich
Widow.

VV I dole, if you would bee solore I would call you sweet: for though you know I loue you, yet you will say I flatter you: but yet be it how it wil, this is truth, beleue it as you wil, your eyes haue caught my heart, who hath swoyne me a seruant to your will: I cannot with eloquence Court you, but I can truely loue you, and think my selfe blessed, if I might enjoy you: for as your presence may please the wisest, so your wisdom may command the honest: for your wealth, bee it more or lesse then is reported, your selfe being of more worth, then you can haue wealth, I with your selfe rather then what is yours. You feare perhaps youths inconstancie, it is tryal that proueth truth, and for my loue, it shall end with my life: but what are wordes vnbelaueed: or hopes not firmly grounded? Like the Vision of a Dreame, which awake proues nothing: yet, good widow if you be kind, pittie me: and if pittiful fauour me: & if gracious, loue me: God wil regard you, & loue wil be true to you, and I wil die ere I wil deceiue you, you may encrease your coine, and decrease your comfort, when a coughing Song at midnight may make you weepe be fore day but venture a little and haue much: What I am or haue you shall haue al, my loue, my seruice, my life, and what can you haue more? A little more drinke to make the cup run ouer, and perhaps marre the drinke that was good before: a little more coine to fill the other bag, and perhaps fall out to proue a piece of false money, when command by a cossell, that will serue for nothing but a Cockold, or curb'd by a Cub, that wil grate you to the bones for an old Goat, you wil curse your treasure: that was the cause of your destruction, No, no, be good to thy selfe in being kind to me, heare me, beleue me, loue me, and take.

take me : for I will be a servant to thy will, a Companion to thy kindnesse: and a Steward to thy substance: This, as I live, and hope of thy love, thou shalt find : for my heart hath answerd it, and I will not be a villaine to my owne soule. In which, praying for thy health and to be made happy in thy kindnesse, to say Amen to my prayers, I rest,

Thine anowed, howsoeuer regarded, T. M.

A Letter of aduice to his friend W. G.

Honest Will, I heare by your Mother that you are going to the Uniuerstie, where no doubt, but with good care and diligence you may doe your selfe much good : but for that I haue passed the place that you are going to, and haue tryed the natures of those studies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opinion of them, and which I thinke best for thee to follow for thy good: first, for the better blessing of whatsoeuer thou followest, bestow some labour in reading of the diuine Love : that done, note what I tell thee for the increase of thy stocke when thou shalt come to haue any dealings in the world : for thy better instruction in such courses as may be for thy commoditie, obserue these Rules that I will read thee : first, for Grammar, it is euerie Others of pettie Schooles common Flaile: Logicke is but for the Uniuerstie: for Musicke, it bzings moze crotches then Crostones : for Astronomie, it goes too high aboue the Clouds to doe any good on the earth : Cosmographie is good for a Traveller, and Astrologie for a Seaman : but for him that meanes to gather wealth and grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmeticks, to be sure of his numbers, it will be a meane to grow rich many waies : for if you keepe a Merchants booke, you shall learne his accounts, the prizes of his wares, and the gaines of them, as well by great as by retails, as well outward as homeward, and this is a sure way to wealth. Againe, if you be aduanced to a place of Office, to keepe account of the number of the people, the duties, tributes, and what payment soeuer to be made by them, for Subsidies Fittenes. Customes, and what else soeuer: Arithmeticke is most necessary for the speedie dispatch of all those businesses : for howsoeuer honour may be sought or bought by them that haue enough, seeke thou wealth, and that will bzing thee what the world can giue thee: for if thou fall into want, and impairing or spending thy stocke, be forced

to take some meane course for thy maintenance, I wil tel thee what thou shalt find true : the honest will onely pittie thee, and say thou maiest keepe a Schoole, is it an honest trade , when a Churle will grutch at his groate for a shillings worth of labour in beating quicke sense into a dul wit: who if he be not capable of a good vnderstanding yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou undeserued receiue a frowne or a soule word for thy labour: now the proud Deacocke that hath a little moze money then wit, wil perhaps entertaine thee to a blew Coat, & fortie shillings, which how gracions it wil be to a good spirit, thou shalt find, & I shall be forrie to heare : beleue me, if thou haue al the Sciences, be furnished with many languages, and art acquainted with honourable courses, and a heart as honest as can line, yet if thou lack wealth to grace al the rest thou shalt haue a frowle come ouer thee, and a knaue abuse thee, & he whose wit goes no further then his trade, so play vpon thy miserie, with scaming thy course of life, that thou wilt with rather neuer to bee borne, then to be borne downe with unhappinesse: yea, for necessities sake thou shalt bee forced to bestow thy study in fictions and folies, & to spend thy spirit in vaine, yea, I may say vile inuentions, to commend an unworthy person, to the sound of thine own conscience who though he loue to heare himselfe flattered, yet perhaps when he hath miserably rewarded thee, yet will he lie of his bounty, which is little better then beggerie. Oh what a plague is it to a noble spirit, through more want to present an Asse with a burde of wit: or a base spirit with a Tract of honoz: Oh deare Will, the wealthie that hath but a little wit, will grow rich with making a benefit of thy labours, while thou not weighing the lacke of iudgement in the first directing of thy course, wilt pine away with sorrow, to thinke of thy mistaken fortune. In briefe therefore, follow my counsell, studie all the Arts superificially, but chiefly Arithmeticke, for it is the assured way to wealth: be not ignorant in Diuinitie: for it is the soules comfort: and take heed of Poetrie, lest it run away with thy wit : for it hath commoble one of these three properties, belibelling the wicked, abusing the honest, or pleasing the foolish: & therefore, though some excellent man may haue some excellent humoz, doe thou rather read in an Enenring, then make thy dayes worke in the studie of idlenesse: give them praise that deserue it, but doe not thou bend thy delights toward it : for in a word, it is moze full of pleasure the profit: Thus haue I writ
the

thee a tedious Letter, hoping that if thou wilt follow my advice, it will do thee no harm: and if so much good as I desire, I shall be glad to see it: in the meane time, leaving thy courses, with thy selfe, to the guiding and tuition of the Almighty, I rest

Thine in much affection, R. P.

To his most Honourable Lady Madame

Isabella Tarina.

Honourable Madam, how my unworthinesse may hope of your goodnesse, I cannot finde: but in the notes of your Noblenesse, which as it may well challenge the height of your Title, so doth it bind a world of servants to your service; among whom my self more desirous then able to deserve the least of your countenance, am now presumptuous to trouble you with an humble suite: I have a sister, of yeares sufficient to understand betwixt good and evil, and of disposition, I thank God, not amisse: her bringing up hath been chiefly at her booke and needle, yet is she not unfurnished of other parts fit for a servant of her place: which if it might so stand with your good pleasure, I should be to attend your Honour in your Chamber: her truth I will undertake for, her diligence I will not doubt of, her kind nature I can speake of, and her affection unto your Ladyship I know is not a little: if therefore in all these she may be pleasing to your entertainment, I shall be bound to your good service in the honour of her preferment: which being the highest advancement, that her dutie can deserve, I leave her service with mine own to your honorable employment. So craving pardon to my boldnesse, with favour to my suite, I humbly take my leave

Your Ladyships in all humbleness, E. W.

To my most beloved Godfather, T. H.

Godfather, at the font you gave me a name, & as I have heard read of others, you undertooke to see me brought up in learning, & in the feare of God: I do not remember that ever I yet received perie from you toward the charge thereof, and you having neither charge of wife or children, might doe well to bestow your blessing upon me, in somewhat better then a bare hand, which will buy nothing: As it possible that having one foot in the grave, the other should be so farre off: Am I your interest in nature, & that be furthest off in love

I know not the cause, but what euer it be, misconceiued in kindnesse, let me intreat you to beldue my loue, and I desire no moze, for when you are wearie of the flatterie of those that sed vpon you, among the great tholmers of your kindnesse that you daily rain down vpon their fields, you wil, I hope, bestow one drop of grace vpon my grounds. I will vse nothing but your will, and will loue you moze then they which tell you moze: be not couetous to gather for them that gape for your goods: and be not fast-handed to him who loues you moze then all you haue: and the good that you will doe let it be in your life, that you may see your contentment in the issue of your kindnesse: loath I am to wearte you with wordes, and therefore in lone of a true heart, which daily prayeth for your health & hearts ease, hoping that God will moue you for my good, who soeuer is a meane of my hurt, I cease further at this time to trouble you, but rest alwaies in dutie of mine humble loue,

Your affectionate God-sonne T. B.

To my dearest beloued friend on earth,

H W.

Honest Harrie, out of a troubled spirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, and therefore beare with my skil, if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humour as I could wish, and thou art worthy of: but as I know thee able to iudge of colours better then the blinde eyes of beetle-heads, and of that true kindnesse that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted, then encrease the sorowes of the distressed, let me impart to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pittie may the better play her part in my spirit: what shal I say? I liue as without life, pleased in nothing, crossed in al hopes, put in many feares, languishing in many sorowes, and troubled with the griefe of a wounded conscience: not with the horrour of further, the feare of Treason, nor delight of sin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindnesse of friends, and the breach of my credit, and most of al with them whom I most loue. Oh God, my heart aketh, & blame it not: and my spirit mourneth, and reprove if not: for though patience be a vertue that maketh men diuine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no Angels: and let me tell the truth, the miserie of my life is intollerable in the sense of nature: for, compare the afflictions of the most patient, with the causes of my passions, and provide a world of

pitie to beholde the map of my miseries: hath one man bene wealthy
 & become poore: so am I: hath another suffered wrong: so do I: ano-
 ther buried his Parents, Children, and deare friends: so haue I: ano-
 ther trauelled farre in hope of gaine, and returned with losse: so haue
 I: another ben wounded in the warres, sared hard, laine in a cold bed
 many a bitter skozme, & ben at many a hard baquet: al these haue I:
 another imprisoned: so haue I: another long bene sick: so haue I:
 another plagued with an vnquiet wifer: so am I: another indebted to
 his hearts grieve & faine would pay and cannot: so am I: in sum, any
 of these crosses are able to kill the heart of a kind spirit, & all these
 lie at once so heauie vpon my heart, as nothing but the hand of God
 can remoue: besides my continual toile for the reward of vnquietnes,
 while that which shold be my comfort, is my corrouse: imagine how
 with all this I can liue, & thinke what a death it is thus to liue. Oh
 for the skozne of the proud, the abuse of the vngracious, the scotte of
 the foolish, & the scanning of the vnkind: the company of the discontent-
 tise, & the want of the most affected: the disgrace of learning, the losse
 of time, and the miserie of want: If there be a hel on earth, it cannot
 be far from this cause of my discomfort: where I am sure, the Deuill,
 seeing my desire to serue God, laieth all his barres he can in the way
 for my discomfort: but I desse him and hope in Christ that my lining
 and louing God, who hath tried my soule in aduersities, will one day
 in his mercie so looke vpon me, that the Deuill shall be drinen backe
 from his purpose, & the teares of my body wiped away, I shal reioyce
 in such a toy, as al my grices cleane forgotten, my heart and soule
 shal in the toy of my sense, in the heavenly harmonie of a holy hymn,
 sing a new song of praise to the gloze of my Saniour: for the haste-
 ning wherof in my deliuerance from my torments & comforts in his
 mercies, I wil frame my dailie prayers, and be assured of thy Amen:
 but I feare I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end: God con-
 tinue my patience but not my sorowes: giue me deliuerance from
 my miseries, and make me thankfull for his blessings, and blesse thee
 with as much happineste as thou knowest I want, so leauing my
 hopes to his mercies, and vs both to his tuition: I rest with as little
 rest as I thinke any man can rest,

Thine or not mine owne, N.B.

To his faire Mistresse and hearts honour,
Mistresse, A.T.

Ladie, I haue bene so ill a Scholler to loue, that I neuer yet learned the courtting of beauty, neither would I willingly vse Art to abuse vertue, and therefore if plaine truth may find fauour, I wil vse no Attorney in this cause: which being to be iudged in your kindnes, I wil onely craue audience, and stand to your arbitrement: my case being mine owne Lawyer, thus I plead: Your eyes haue stolne my heart, now I must either be necessary to mine owne hurt, or accuse you of the felonie: but rather willing to lose my heart in your eyes, then keepe them to looke on other light, I wil onely appeale to your selfe what to doe in this passion: If I loue, you must know it, for your eyes haue my heart: and if I lose my heart, you must haue it, for your eyes are wel woorthy of it: but now you haue it, preferring it for your seruice: let it not die in displeasure that hath no life but in your loue: if it could speake, it would tell you how dearly, highly, and onely it honours you, & if you will believe it, you shal quickly find it: for it is dedicated to your seruice, and hath no care but of your fauour: keepe it then to your vse, vse it to your pleasure, and let it die in no other comfort. In summe, not to dwell vpon ceremonies, it is nothing mine, but all yours: and if it may line in your eyes. it seeks no other heauen in this world: bryue it not then from you, that hath no life but in you: and take it wholly to you, that is as nothing without you: so leauing it, with my selfe, to the honour of your onely seruice, I take my leaue for this time: but will rest ever,

Your anowed and deuoted, R.S.

To his very good friend, Master W. B. for the borrowing
of 40. pounds for six Months.

Sir, I know you loue no long Letters, and my sute being to most men so tripleasing, I wold be loth to be tedious: I haue purchased a piece of Land, and laid out all my money: now vpon the sudden an vnexpected occasion puts me to an extraordinary charge, for the furnishing whereof, I am constrained to try my good friends: among which presuming of your kind promise vpon any vrgent occasion to stand me in stead: I am to intreat you by this bearer to helpe me to fortye pounds, wherein you shal so much pleasure me, as so much may do, and as I can requite it, I wil not forget it: I would haue it for six months,

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months, my day I will not breake, I will take it kindly and deserve it thankfully: my servant is trustie, and therefore I pray you send it by him: & as you will be assured of my love, send me not with delays nor excuse, for I know you have it, and you know I will pay. Thus loth to use you like a Broker, to send you a paine: as an honest neighbour let me be beholding to your kindnesse, in which you shall give me cause in the like, or a greater matter to rest upon, at as short a warning,

Your assured friend to use, R.H.

To the Right Worshipful my very good Master, Sir Thomas
Ward Knight, at his house in Padow.

Sir, after my humble duty: I have talked with divers of those parties to whom you directed me, touching the benefit to be made of the suite which you have in hand, whose opinions, I find divers: yet all agree in this, that if you can procure it irrenocable, the money will be adventured: otherwise, they are loth to ingage their states and credits too farre upon bare hopes, for lines are uncertaine, and in the change of times, divers things fall out contrarie to expectation: you shall therefore doe well, before you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit, for the suite being effected to good purpose, leave me to deale in it to your content: there is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it, I would therefore wish you to try your strength in it, and not to slip time, for it is precious in a good course: beare with me I beseech you, if I move your patience, in begging your speed, for it is for your owne good. Against your coming to Colone, I will have somewhat else for you to set on foot, for he that will tooke must not have the fire without an Iron: but knowing your businesse, I will forbear at this time to trouble you with idle newes: and onely praying for your health & hearts ease, commit the consideration of your owne causes to the managing of your good discretion, and so humbly take my leave for this time, and rest alwaies,

Your worships humble servant, I.T.

To my assured louing friend T. B. with speed, for
money lent, to restore backe.

NO payment of debts, is not onely a cracke in credit, but a losse of friends: vpon your letter I furnisht your want, and fortune hauing bene your friend, a large conscience, me thin'eth, both not well: your excuse yet I know not, nor can wel deuise it: but acquaint me with it, that I may not wrong your dispositiō, for a settled affectiō on expected the like measure in kindnes: the money you had of me is not much, but if it had done you pleasure I am glad of it: and if you can wel spare it, by this bearer I pray you return it, or the cause why you detain it: I haue lately bought shéepe to store a while, that I haue to farme, and my money being short, I am bold to write to you for mine owne, which if it come shall be welcome, if not, so that I know how it may tread you, I will forbear: and for the conference betwixt your Son and my Daughter, I thinke they are more ready for vs then was for them: your mind I know, and am contented with it: for as I see their proceedings, we will soone fall vpon agreement: and to be plaine with you, I thinke I were best rather to promise you more money, then demand any more that you haue: and therefore making your excuse in this only point of affection, intreating pardon for my plaine manner of writing, assuring you, that if this matter goe forward, (as it is no other like) as their loues, so shal our purses be one: And thus hoping of your health as mine owne, with commendations to your kind Son, your selfe, and your good Shere, I commit you to the Almighty, Canterbury, this fourth of August, 1629.

Your very louing friend, N. T.

To a Iudge in the behalfe of an Offender.

MY good Lord, your honorable care of justice, I hope, is seasoned with the charitabla weight of mercy, for though the law cutteth off offence by sharpe punishment, yet death takes away repentance, and where there is sorrow there is signe of grace, the best Iudge of true Justice, Christ Iesus, pardoned the great sinner, & with the gentle rebuke of Sinne no more, called her to great grace: now shal Justice vpon the first fact, vse another course vpon an Offender: I know it is your Duty to doe all manner of Justice, yet may you giue time of repentance.

repentance in reprieuing this poore man, whose pardon will be easily attained. Your honor shall do a good deed: God, in imitating his course in Justice, will surely regard & reward you: the penitent Offender shall be bound ever to pray for you, my selfe with al his friends, will truly honour you: and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercy, when his spaietie shall heare of it: will commend you: beseeching therefore your Honour to stay the sentence of death until the next Assise, or to grant him a reprieue till the said time: leaving the poore mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble & bounden service to your good health, and al other happinesse, I humbly take my leave,

Yours honors in all humblenesse, D.H.

A Letter of Complements: To my very good friend Master

H.W. at his house in Arthingworth.

Sir, if I could haue let pas so fit a Messenger without some thankfull remembrance, I were unworthy of so good a friend: but your kindnesse being such as will ever worke in a good minde, I pray you let me salute you with this little token of my love: The Humblet is of such worth, as Bristol hath no better, & the Sugar-loafe for your Ladie, I assure you is right Barbaric, which at this time is hereof some price, but upon the ceasing of the troubles there, I hope we shall haue it cheape here: in the meane time whosoever it be: what you need command in that or what else may be in my power to accomplish: & so wishing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Buckes with my hearty commendations to your selfe and your good Bedfellowe, and many thanks to you both for my great good chere, and most kind entertainment, hoping to see you at my house at your comming to towne, where you shall make your owne welcome, I commit you to the Almighty: London, the xx. of July.

Your very loving and assured friend, C.R.

To his assured friend, Master Thomas Rise, at his house in

the Strand, intreating his helpe for dispatch

of businesse.

Against this time of my attendance upon the Judge of this Circuit, I shall haue occasion to vse many things, whereof I am now unfurnished: your skill in choosing the best, and knowing the prices, I know long since by your kindnesse in the like trouble: and therefore

entreat

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entreat you once moze to take a little paines with this Bearer my
Seruant, in helping him in the laying out of his money, upon such
parcels, as in my note for my vse I haue set downe: your frannell or
kindnesse shall not bee unthankfully forgotten, and wherein I may
in this Countrey, or elswhere please you, you shall not faile of my
best meanes. If you haue any newes I pray you acquaint me with
them, and if the ship be come from the Indies, what good successe
they haue had: but some earnest businesse makes mee briefer then I
otherwise would bee; and therefore hoping of your health, and not
doubting of your kindnesse, with heartie commendations, I commit
you to the Almighty. Salop this twelfth of Iune, 1629.

Your assured friend, T.M.

To his very good Friend, R.M. concerning the
purchase of certaine Lands,

SI it, where you wrote unto mee, touching the sale of your Lord-
ship of Bar, I cannot answer you for two causes: the one, the price
is too high; the other, your haste of money is too great: for touching
your price, the Land you know is much impaired since the death of
your Father, the woods are low and very backward, by cutting it
afoze their full growth, and your Trees are so wasted, that there is
scarce a piece of timber worth the selling: your spowze is miserably
spoiled for lack of dragging, and your Pastures are so overgrown
with Bushes that it will aske great cost in stubbing; before it be
brought to any good passe: yet notwithstanding, for that we haue
bene vpon speech for it, and that you seeme willing to deale with
me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your money shall not be long
deferred: I pray you therefore, if I may haue it as I told you, if it
be a hundred pounds moze, I care not, but further indeed I will not
goe a pennie: let me know your mind by this Bearer out of hand, for
I am offered (I thinke) a better bargaine: but for my words sake,
and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then
haue a game or two at Bowles. Hoping of your good health and
your Wellbeloues, I commit you to the Almighty: from my house,
this 13 of Iune, 1629.

Your very loving friend, E.R.

A

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A Letter to a proud Mistresse.
How beauty will make a frowle proud, I would your plaister, Iwozke did not witnesse: but had you wit to helpe wickednesse, you would put a Varrat out of countenance: your countenance is made after your conceit, as full of merry tricks as a Ponkey: and for your foot-pace, I thinke you haue soze heeles, you walke so nicely, as upon egge-shells: your hate is none of your owne, and for your sleeple tire, it is like the gaud of a Paid Parton, so that had you a frowle by the hand, you might walke where you would in a Pozis dance: Oh fine come to it, how if fiddle-like a Hackny that would tire at halfe a mile. Wel your Tobacco breath with your toothlesse Chaps, will be shortly such bad ware, that you will stand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you: but what doe I meane to spoile Paper with such matters: and therefore I will here abruptly end: wash your feet, scoure your hands, put on a cleane smocke, get you to your prayers, repent your wickednesse, and mourne to death for your soules sake, for your Carkasse is not woorth the carying to the earth: so hoping that in a good humour you will doe somewhat better then hang your selfe, I leave you to his mis-hap that finds you for the most filthy creature on this earth, till you be neuer more seen in the world.
 Your poore friend at a pinch, B.T.

The answer of a witty but railing wench.

Betwixt a railing name and a Mascall, what is the difference? And from a nititie Rogue what can be lookt for but a Louse: Oh Deuill incarnate, who ever knew such a villaine? Your haire I will not meddle with for feare of a fall: but I wonder the Jewellers doe not deale with you for a face: where a Pinne can scarce stand betwixt a Pearle and a Rubie: Oh the French rhetone bids you keepe out of the winde, for feare your leauell stakes scarce hold up a rotten carkasse: now in stead of a Pozis dance, you know the hey up Holbourn to where the Hangman at the gallowes staires to learne you a new turne: But thou wretched woyme, inwozthy the name of a man, get thee to thy knees, aske forgiveness of all the wozld, make the confession in the Cart, and commend thy soule to the Lord, for the which the Dogs will not meddle with: and so in haste, hoping thy letter may come to thee afore the last call, I end in halt.

A.H. I am your poore friend

Thy charitabk friend, B.C.

A Letter of Challenge to a Swaggerer.

Sirra, your swaggering is so foolish that the children laugh at you where you goe: and for your balour, if your feather be away, your sword will doe no hurt: your tossing of pots feare none but flies and for your bzaie words they are nothing but winde. But least I doe not some pleasure in telling you of your faults, let it suffice to make an end of all matters: Tomorrow in the morning you shall haue me by eight of the Clocke in the field beyond your Lodging, nere unto the Pole: where if you dare come alone, you shall finde me without company, ready to doe more then I will speake: till wher expecting no other answer then your selfe, I rest,

Your awowed enemy, I.T.

A dogged answer.

Do you imagine me a Philistia, that you begin to play Goliath in a letter? I assure you, if your words be like your sword, my feather will not abide your windy words: but for my sword, it hath no point, and therefore cares not a point for you: if you be not drunkke, I muse what madnesse doth possesse you: but the best is, I hope now you haue spoken, you haue done: for I will be there where you appoint, but I doubt you will not performe: but as you tell me of my faults, I hope to whip you for yours: and so to haue lost so much time about idlenesse, I end,

Yours as I haue reason, F.R.

To my very good Cousin Master I.D. at his
house in Swands.

Cousin, I vnderstand, you are determined to put your younger Sonne apprentice to a Merchant: believe me I highly commend your resolution herein: for I that haue traueled farre, & sene much can speake somewhat of them, and their noble Profession: I could well giue it a higher title, for a right Merchant is a royall fellow, hee is desirous to see much, to trauell much, and sometime to gaine a little both aduventure much, though sometime for a little aduventure hee doth gaine much: but what are the fumbry natures of perils, as well at sea, as at Land: as well of his goods as his person, none knoweth but himselfe, or like himselfe: but hauing travelled farre and finished his voyage, after his safe returne, hauing giuen

God thanks, note what is the course of his life, to obserue a comely order in the City, & enrich many poore men by the retailing of his goods, who sit at ease and sell in their Shops, that which hee with great toyle and danger fetched out of farre Countreies. Now say his gaine bee great, let it be answered in the desert of his trauell: shall a faire or a fine Horse, brought out of Barbarie, be here finely kept, well fed, and neatly dressed, and richly attired: and shall not a Merchant that hath trauelled many miles beyond Barbarie, be thought worthis of a fine house, good Land, daintie fare, and an honourable Title, for the resolution of his Adventure, and the toils of his trauell: shall a Lute or a Cisterne, brought out of Italy, be put in a case of velvet, and laced with Gold, soz well soundings: and shall not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went farre further then that Countrey soz better Commodities be thought worthis of his gaine, and honozed soz his minde: shall the Lampyer sell breath at a high rate: and shall the Merchant be grudged his price of his Warres: what shall I say: who upholds the State of a Citie: or the Honour of a State under the King, but the Merchant: who beautifieth a Court with Jewels and outward Ornamente: but the trauell of a Merchant who beautifies the Gardens with sundry sorts of Fruits and Flowers, but the traouelling Merchant: he may well be called the Merchant, the Sea-singer, or the maker of the Sea to sing: the Sea-singer, when he hath faire wind, and good weather: and maketh the Sea to sing, when he sees the goodlie houses that float upon her Waves, and cast Anchoz in her Sands. But let me leaue the Sea, and come to the Land: consider of the sweet & ciuill manner of their liues: whose Houses moze neate: whose wiues moze modest: whose apparell moze comely, whose diet moze dainty: and whose carriage moze commendable: ballant without quarrels, merie without madness, bountifull in their gifts, & very neat and choise in their Banquets: whose children are better nurtred: whose seruants better governed: whose House better stocked and maintained: Furthermoze, what comfort haue the distresse found beyond the Seas: and how many poore do they relieve at home: what Colledges: what Hospitals: what Almshouses haue they builded: and in effect, what Cities haue they enlarged, and what Countreies haue they enriched: how few Lampyers can say soe: that be all true, which much moze might be said in their honour, than in their right: I say the Merchant

is a Royall fellow, and goe forwarde with your intent : if you will ever haue your Sonne see any thing, know any thing, doe any thing, or bee worthy any thing, put him to a Merchant : and giue with him such a portion as out of his yeares, may set up his trade or trafficke. doubt not he will doe well, and thinke not he can almost doe better : so beseeching God to blese him in all his courses, without which he will be worse then nothing, I pray you doe as I wish you, charge him to serue God, and so turne him to the world : and thus hauing truely written you my opinion touching my purpose, wishing health and honor, and all happinesse, to all worthy true Merchants, in hope of your health, I commit you to the Almighty. Arthingworth, this 20. of August..

Your very loving Cousin, N.B.

To his dearest, fairest, and worthiest of love, honor
and seruice, Miltrisse E.E.

If I should commend you (fairest of women) about the Sonne, and compare you with the Sun, you would put me in the clouds for a flatterer: but knowing your owne worth, and finding the substance of my truth, you cannot blame me, in admiration to speake truth of your perfection, which of what power it is in drawing the seruice of reason: if you would believe, I would quickly tel you : but the cause of inconstancie in the unwise, breedeth distrust of truth in the most faithfull : but all Birds are not of one feather, nor all men of one mind. In brieft, not to make a long haruelt of little Cozne, which being ripe, would bee gathered in good time: let truth be my spokesman, and beleeue my comfort: the hope whereof, as my onely worlds happinesse, reseruing onely to the care of your kindness in the faith of true affection, I rest.

Yours a vowed and assured, R.N.

A Letter to a Friend to borrow a piece of Money.

Sit, as nothing moze trieth a friend then calamity, so is there nothing moze grievous, then to be beholding in kindnes to a friend.

If I may become your debtor for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleasure me more then a little : your appointed day I will not breake with you, and wherein I may thankfully requite you, you shall find no forgetfulness of your kindnesse : but time is precious, and therefore entreating your speedie answer, in hope of no deniall I rest,

Your assured friend to command, T.W.

The answer.

I would be as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed, for with more then for my necessarie use, that I cannot spare, I am not presently furnished: I pray you therefore take not a denial unkindly: for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not faile, my best to do you good: if other wise you would urge me, it will be to little purpose: and therefore sorrie that I am not in time to satisfie your expectation, I must leave patience to your kind discretion, which as you know me, shall command me, for I am, and will be, to the uttermost of my power,

Your assured friend, D.S.

A Letter or good counsell to Mistris H. C. at her house in pe. Chest.

My good Cousin, I remember at my last being with you, we had some conference, about consideration: beleeve me, when I consider the world, and what I haue seene in it, and the best things of it, and that all in effect, is as nothing, or rather worse, if any thing at all, I wonder how men, who haue so much iudgement of good from euill, how can those men that know the incertaine time of death, live as though they thought neuer to die: how can be that readeth or heareth the Word of God, and beleeueth the truth of it, be so careless of it, and so disobedient to it: will men be sicke, that may be whole: or die, that may live: what shall I say: but as Paul said to the Corinthians, O yee foolish people, who hath bewitched you? It is the Word of God, that transgression is as the sin of Witch-craft: and surely, if men were not bewitched with sinne, they could not sode, light in wickednesse, being the crosse and barre to all their happines could the Thiefe consider the doome of the Law, or the miserie of the despoiled, surely he would not steale: if the Adulterer did consider the filthinesse

filthinesse of his action and the shame of his follie, surely he would turne honest: if the murderer did consider the horroz of death, and the terroz of sin, he would neuer kill: In briefe, if any sinner would looke into the foule nature of sinne, he would be out of love with it: and if he did consider the power of Gods wrath, he would be afraid of it: If any man could consider the goodnesse of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing, but that which is good for him, how could he be so forgetfull of his owne good, in offending the Author of al goodnesse: If the unthrift could consider the miserie of want, sure he would not be carelesse of his estate: if the covetous could consider the miserie of the poore, he would be more charitable: if the Swaggerer could consider the comelinesse of sobriety, and the shame of immodesty, surely he would be more civil: If the Magistrate did consider the miserie of the poore, he would not bee so carelesse of their torment, and put them to such sorow, but remember, that iustice without mercie, is too nere a touch of tyranny. If the offendant did consider the grieve and shame of punishment, hee would containe himselfe within the compasse of a better course. If hee that preacheth the Word, and followeth it not, could consider the heauinesse of Gods iudgement, and the shame of his folly, he would doubtlesse be more carefull of his soule, and more kind to his flocke. If the Lawyer could consider the Law of God, he would neuer grieue his Client, nor speake against a knowne truth: but as I said before, to leane tediousnes, it is the onely lacke of consideration, that maketh the heedlesse will of man to run the way of errour, to the ruine of his best comfort: and therefore I intreat you, notwithstanding my allowance of your iudgement touching the heavenly providence, and power in the motion of all good actions: yet so to allow of my opinion touching want of consideration, that it is one of the greatest causes of the confusion of reason, by the corruption of Nature: and knowing that the care of your consideration is such as doth, and may well give example to most expert to follow the rules of your directions in the whole course of life, wishing my selfe so happie, as to enjoy the company of so good a friend, till I see you, and ever, I rest in fast settled affection,

Your very loving friend, N.V.

To

To my sweet Love Mistris E.P.

Sweet Love, if absence could breed forgetfulness, then sometime should do much harme to affection, but when the eye of the mind looketh into the ioy of the Heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may heare me, so in absence you may see me: for Ione is not an houre a humo; no; a shadow of light, but it is a light of the spirit, & a continuing passion: thinke not therefore I doe, or can forget thee, or Ione my selfe but for thee: shortly I hope to see thee, and in the mean time though not with thee, yet not from thee, no; will be at rest with my selfe, till I may rest onely with thee, I rest alwaies to rest,

Thine onely and all, F.W.

Her answer.

My deare, if delays were not a death to love, excuse were current in the construction of kindness, but sentences are better spoken then understood, and a pleasing presence is better then an excused absence: remembrance is good, but possession better, and love holdeth memorie but a kinde of melancholly. Let your selfe there, for be the messenger rather of your love then your letters, lest fortune in a mad fit be crosse to your best comfort, not in respect of my constancie, but my Parents unkindnesse. This is all I will write at this time, but wishing a happy time, to the beginning of a neuer ending, I rest till that time, and at all times, on the same,

Yours as you know, E.P.

An old mans Letter to a young Widow.

Widow, I have neither a smooth face, no; a syled Tongue to cheat your eyes, no; abuse your Cares withall: but a true heart and a constant minde that both inwardly love you, and will never deceive you: fickle heads and unbridled wills know not where, no; how to bestow themselves, when the wits goe a woo; gathering among themselves that have had sheeces, they may be kind, but not constant, and Love loves no out-lookers: besides, light heads have no staied heeles, & a little wealth is soone spent: who knoweth the woe of want, can tell you the difference betwixt an old mans Darling, & a yong mans Darling: why: how can they love, that scarce know how to like? I know you have many Sufers of worth, but

but none that I thinke moze woꝛthy then my selfe: foꝛ none can loue you so much, noꝛ aske you so wel: foꝛ I haue knowne the woꝛld, and care not foꝛ it, noꝛ foꝛ any thing but you: If therefore all I haue may please you, and my selfe, to loue and honour you, make my comfoꝛt your contentment, and I wil seeke no other Paradise in this woꝛld. Thus hoping that reason in your fauour, wil effect the hope of my affection, leauing you to your selfe, to be your selfe, I rest

Yours or not his owne, T. P.

Her answer.

Sir, I could neuer see you but in a letter: I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not coꝛrespondent: a gray head and greene mind fit not, your perswasions were forcible, were not your selfe of too much weakenesse: but though foꝛ your good will, I thanke you, yet foꝛ nothing will I bee indebted to you, no, not foꝛ a woꝛld would I be troubled with you: foꝛ as our yeares, so I feare our fancies wil be different: and the patience mooring choller, may breed anger, when to be an old mans Darling, is a kind of curse to nature: you say well, who can loue, that knowes not how to like: when the senses are vncapable of their comfort, what is imaginatio but a Dreame: a blind man can iudge no colour, a deafe man hath no skill in Musicke, a dumbe man no eloquence, and an old man little feeling in Loues passion: foꝛ my Sutors they sute my time, and serue their owne: and foꝛ their worth, I shall Iudge of the most woꝛthy: not foꝛ their witte, if they lose not their stonie sleepes, let them gather what they can: but foꝛ your love, I will not venture on it, lest being too old, it be not sweet, and foꝛ my young Sutors, I hope I shal take heed of shadowes to be rened: as foꝛ Fortune, while Vertue governs affection. I will not feare my felicitie: so hoping your own reason wil perswade you to haue patience with your passion, and leaue me to my better comfort, meaning to be as you wish me, my selfe, and none other, I rest

Not yours, if mine owne, P. A.

A Letter of a yong man to his sweet-heart.

M^y Love, if I could haue as good passage as my Letters, I would be a better Messenger of my thoughts then my words can expresse: but as the secret of my heart is sealed vp in my Letter, so is the secret of my Love sealed vp in my heart, which none can see but your eyes, nor shal know but your kindnesse: let me not then languish in the lingring hope of my desires, but hasten my comfort in the onely answer of your content: you know the heure of the first meeting of our fantasies, the true continuance of our irremouable affections, and why will you not appoint the conclusion of our comfort. Tryall cannot let you doubt my Love, and Love will be sworne for the security of my truth: both which thus farre plead for me in your fauour, giue truth the reward of tryal, and Love the regard of Truth and deferre not the sentence of Justice, to let me liue or dye in your iudgement: for imprisoned I am in your beautie, bound in the bands of your seruice, and liue but in the hope of your fauour, in which I rest ever and onely to rest happie in this world.

Yours, though not yours, R.E.

An answer to his Love.

M^y Sweet, I rather wish your selfe, then your Letter, though in the hast of your desire, your presence had been to little purpose: for Deeds are in good way, that are subscribed and sealed, but till the deliuerie be made, the matter is not fully finished: haue therefore patience for a time, for it is soone enough, that is well enough: and yet I confesse in kindnesse, delay is little comfort: yet stay for a faire day, though it be almost at none: be perswaded of my affection, and let faith leaue no doubt, for love can be no Changeling, and so imagine of my selfe: when you offend, I will punish you, and when you doe please, I will praise you: so assuring truth believe, and love comfort, I rest so soone as I wel may, to giue the reason of your best rest, and till then, and ever wil rest.

Yours as I may, M.I.

A merry Letter of newes to a friend.

Right Trojan, I know thou louest no complement, no carest for any trickes, but as a good fellow and a friend, wouldest heare how the World goeth: al the World I am not acquainted with, and therefore I know not what to say to it, but for the little part of it, the petty place, or parish where I dwell, and some few miles about it, I will tell you, there is a sal of Cannies, for there is such a World of them every day in the Market, that except they be young and fat, there is little money bidden for them: Hackney-jades are scarce worth their meat, and every House hath such a dogge, that not a begger dare come nere the doore, and not a House at a Chase, but a Cat is at her heels: Paid Parrian of late was got with child in her sleepe, and the Hobby-horse was halfe madde that the ffoole should bee the Father of it: a great talke there is of setting up of a new Taverne but Tobacco is the thing that wil vent the old Hacke, there is spoken so much gibberish that we haue almost forgot our Mother Tongue, for every Boy, in our Schoole hath Latine at his fingers end, marrie it is in a Booke, for all his wit is in his Copie, for in Capite he hath little. Our free Schoole is new painted with Wil-dome ouer the gate, for within, except some unhappie Wag, there is no more wit then is necessary. Snow, for other dewes I will tell you, wet weather frights vs with a hard Haruest, and Murers are halfe mad, for lacke of utterance of their money: Law was neuer more in vse, nor men more out of money: and for Women, they are strange Creatures, for some of them haue three faces, & so fine in proud paces, that if they carie it as they doe, they wil put many men out of countenance: for other ordinary matters, they are as you left them, a pot of Ale is worth a penny, a Balow will haue byane Clothes, the Man in the Moone is aboue the Clouds, and the Rane of Clibbes wil fill make one in the stocke. Other things there are that I am shortly to acquaint you with: in the meane time write unto mee how thou doest, and how the wind blowes on your side: and so sorry I haue no good thing to send thee, with the loue of my heart, I commit thee to the Almighty.

Thine to the end, M.R.

An answer.

Thou mad Villaine, what hath walkt about thy bzaines, to put thy wit in such a temper: a tale of a Tub, and the bottome out: wel, to quize your kindnesse you shall know somewhat of our world. So it is, that the ffore hath made a hand with most of our fat Cales: the Wolfe meets with our Lambes, before they can well goe from the Lam, and the Cat hath so spoiled our fish-poles, that if he had not bene caught with a Trappe, he might have gone to sea for a red Herring. Our Bailiffes Bull runs throow all the Ale in our Parish, and the Tanners Dog hath woxyed a wild Sow. The Bailiffe of our hundred takes upon him like a Justice, and since the new Ale-house was set up, the Chalkable is much troubled: but though Dates be stanke and Ale be ripe, the heate is but thimne, and Warly thozy god fellow ship goes downe the Winde, and yet twenches are right hzed: our Piper is fallen sicke of an Ale-surfet, and old Humble got a blow at midnight, that makes him straddle all day. Parnell shall have her Sweet-heart in spight of Tom Tinker, and there is wondering in the Coloure that thou art not in the Goale before the Sessions: but be thou of good chere, there is time enough for a good turne, and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make thine owne wel-come. Wh mad flane, let me be merrie with thee a little, for thou knowest I love thee: thy Grandfire is going to his grave, and hath bequeathed thee a braves portion: the Wel hath gone for him: but so soone as he is past, I wil send thee word in Post, that for griefe of his death thou mayest drinke to al Christian soules: the Wiffier is where she was, and sweares thou art honestter then thy Father. I will say no more, but thou hast friends that thou knowest not, and therefore come when thou wilt, we will have a health ere wee part: and so in haste farewell.

Thine to the proofe, R.S.

To a yong man going to trauell beyond the Sea.

Good Cousin, I finde by your last Letter your present intent to trauell, I pray God it may fall out for your good: for though in respect of your yeares, your bodie be in good state to endure some hardnesse, yet there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the Ayre and dyet, but aboue these things, there are many things to be obserued, that negligently regarded, may be greatly to your hurt: as first, for your religion, haue a great care, that your eyes lead not your heart after the hozroꝝ of Idolatry, serue God sincerely, not fondly, not in shew, but in truth of zeale, and for all your comfort in all your courle, that you trust in him, and none else: Secondly, for your carcasle, take heed of too much following the feminine sесе, and pray for continency, it is a blessed vertue. I speake not this for the common sort, for I hope your spirit is too high to stoop to such game but for the Wyemens, whose faces are bewitching objects, and whose voyces, as inchanting Musicke, if these be in the way of your Care, or your Eye, haste you from them, lest too late you find it too true, that you wil hardly scape dꝛawning, when you are ouer head and eares: such weeds wil hang about your heeles as wil so hinder your swimming, that you wil hardly overcome it in health, if you hap to scape with your life: furthermore, if you meet with some chaste Penelope, whose beantie walkes euē with vertue, let not a chaste eye in her beget an vnchaste thought in you: I speake not this in feare of any thing but your youth, yet thought I know you well disposed in many waies, I doubt you are not right in all: and this being a thing that I know most necessarie, I thought in my lone to giue you a note of: now for your purse, let it be pꝛimate to your stone knowledge, lest it be an occasion of your unhappinesse, and heed you moze partakers then for pꝛofit: now for your tongue, let it follow your wit, and tip it with truth, that it may abide all touch: and for your diet, let it be sparing, for better leaue with an appetite, then ge to Whisicke for a Surfet: now for your conuersation, chuse the Wise, and rather heare them, then trouble them, and against al Fortunes taketh patience in your passage: so seruing God, and obseruing the World, no doubt but you shall make a benefit of your voyage, and I wil be toyfull of your returne: and thus loth to tyze you with a long Tale, when I know

knozd in a little you wil vnderstand much : in prayer for your good
successe and safe returne I commit you to the Almighty.
Arthingworth 24. of Iuly 1627.

Your affectionate kinsman,
I.M.

To his friend C.T. in his time of sicknesse, and
sorrow for a great misfortune.

DEare George, knowing the cause, though not the condition of
thy sicknesse, I am bold a little to advise thee for the better re-
covery of thy health : Thou knowest (deare friend) that there is no
thing passeth neither vnder nor aboue the heauens, but either by the
direction or permission of the wisdom of the Almighty : there is no
Day but hath his light, no Element but hath his contrary, nor is
soy on the earth without a crosse : thou art sorry to see the cruelty of
Fortune, but turne thine eyes to a better light, and thou shalt see it
a tryall of Gods loue: for if nature be accursed for sin, thou must find
it in this world or another, and the second death is worse then the
first. If sicknesse make thee feele Gods hand, shal not patience make
thee try his mercy : and health make thee know his loue : If losses
make thee poore, wert thou not better with patience be Gods beg-
ger, then in pride the worlds King : grieue not then at thy fortune,
but liue by thy faith : be rather a Iob then a Saul, for there is no spur-
ning against so sharp a pricke as Gods purpose: I am sorry for thy
sicknesse, but more for the cause : for to moue to no end is more
folly: and a pining sicknesse is a signe of more passion then patience
Christ suffered for thee, suffer thou for thy selfe, lay away thy too
much melancholy, for sighing is womanish, and weeping is babish: be
wise therefore for thy selfe, and be good to thy selfe, plucke vp thy
spirits, and put thy selfe onely vpon God, liue not like a dead man,
but die like a liuing man: let not Fortune be a messenger of death,
nor impatience a preiudice to thy health : take thy Horse, and ride
ouer to me: and take the time as it falls, if faire, the sewer clothes : if
saule take a Cloak, but deferre not the time, for thought pierceth a
pace

pace, and for the minde, there is no phisicke but patience and mirth: being the first with this, and the last I will provide for the: til when, wishing thee out of the solemne Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, til I see thee, and alwaies, I rest,

Thine in all mine owne, D.R.

An answer to the same.

How easily the healthfull can give counsell to the sicke, and how hardly they can take it, I would I were not in case to prove: but I see patience needs not to be perswaded, for where paine is, there will bee entertained. I know there is no resisting of Gods power, nor muttering against it: but yet thinke that flesh and blood in many things hath much a doe to beare it, and though Fortune be a sation, yet it troubleth many fine wits, and the tryall of patience puts the best spirit to a hard point: never to have had, is little too to want: but to lose, hopelesse of recovery, will sting the heart of a good mind: a sorrow is sooner taken then put off and death is comfortable to the afflicted: fowles cannot take thought, and mannes will not, but the honest and the carefull understand the plague of miserie: if death be this way obtained mee, I cannot avoid it, and if helpe come unlooked for, I shal be glad of it, but if you will take the paines to make me trie the comfort of your company, my selfe shal have some room to entertaine a friend for such a need: and knowing your love, can account no lesse: I pray you therefore without further ceremonies, let mee see you very shortly: If I live, you shall know my kindnesse, if I dye, you shal find my love so drawing towards a fiewer fit, I am forced thus to conclude in the spight of Fortune: in the grace of God, I will digest what I can, and pray for patience for the rest: and so hoping speedily to see you, til then and alwaies, I rest,

In sicknesse and in health shine what mine, R.H.

A younger Brother to his elder, false vnhappily on a little wealth, and suddenly growne fondly proud,

COD Brother, as I am glad to heare of your health, so am I sorry to heare of your itearage: it is told me by them that I can beleue, that your wealth which should make you gracious, makes you in a manner obious toby, it is wonderfull, that you can so suddenly metamorphose your mind from wit to folly: it griueneth me to heare your description of almost as many as know you: it is said you looke ouer the Spaine, walke as vpon stilts, speake as if were for Charitie, and with a swelling conceit of your wealth, make your face like one of the foure winds: in your apparell you are womanish, your stutes set vp in print, your beard so starched, & your countenance so set, that you are rather met for a prologue before a comedie, then to giue example of civility: for malice is a kind of folly, when he that walkes by right like a Mabbat, is like a boy that should say Grace: they say you are seldom without a floure in your mouth, I would it were filly perfumes for the desert of your folly: you wear your Cloake all waies byond, that one may see your Allen inside: and your Carters beneath your kint are ready to wepe for a Rose: all these notes are taken of you, and withall, that to maintaine this pride you are so conscious as the Devil: for as I heare, you are both an Usurer and a Broker, and haue more cunning tricks in your trade then an honest heart could alway withal: truly, this is not well, for your estate needs if not, your education doth not teach it: let me therefore intreat you to turne a new leaf, sing a new song, be courteous, be not courteous kinde, but not proud, & haue a conscience in al your courses: for there must be an end of al your matters, and Repentance will be the best payment of your ill taken accounts: beleue it for you shall finde it at last, I wish not too late: and so out of the sincere loue of a true heart, that holds you as deare, as his owne life, rather desirous to tell you what I find amisse in you, then to sooth you in what I find grieuous in you: to his grace that may amend you, with my prayers, for you, I leaue you.

Your true loving Brother, R.B.

To a faire proud Tit.

Faire Mistresse, why should you turne that to a curse, which was given you for a blessing: I mean your beauty, which should have made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you marre your colour with an ill countenance: and when you speake, you counterfeite such a kind of lisping, that you cannot bring out a wise word: your bodies are made so strait, and your fardingale so great, that instead of a Woman you make an Anticke of your selfe: I am plaine but tel you troth, I thinke you are best in your quoyting coat: for your tricking and your trying takes away all your proportion: so that the Painter and the Taylor haue put Nature out of countenance: but since it is the fashion for Fooles to weare a Corkes combe, let them weare feathers that list, I wil not blow them away, but as a good friend let me tel you, that tels you but for your good, be honest and be hanged, and let knauerie goe to the Deuill: stand not lering in your dooze, nor deuile lies to make Fooles, nor vse trickes to picke pockets, for in the end all will be naught, for the Pore of the Galloves, or the Deuill will be the reward of plaine treacherie, if in the way you scape beggerie: and therefore follow my counsell: Giue ouer betimes before it giue ouer you: and since I haue turned my coat, turne your old gown, and we wil ioy together, to go both in a liuerie, for, say the word, and I am for thee: and so til I heare from thee I commend me to the.

Thine if thou wilt, D.H,

Her answer.

You tricked villaine, hast thou plaid the Iew so long, that thou art wearie of thy selfe: and now comest to me for a companion soft Snatch, your trickie is an ace out, and of all the Cards I loue not a knaue: my beauty is not for bleere eyes, nor shal pretended honestie cheat my folly: hast thou had three occupations and none thriue: a Pedler, a Parasite, and a Pandar: and now wouldest be a Conny, catcher?

catcher : Sir, I haue no game for your Ferret, and therefore hunt further : Now for my lées and my looks, and my trickes, and my toies, if they fit not your humour, I am not for you : but for the Por, the Gallows, and the Devil, and the Ale-house, keepe you from the, and I wil keepe me from you : and if I thought I might trust the, I could put thee in Foles Paradise : but if thou art not afraid of Sparrow-blissing come home and take a Birds-nest: which if it bee better then a Woodcocke, thank the Heauens for thy good Fortune, and me for my good wil, and so til I see thy linerie, I leane the to thy selfe.

Thine if I like, M.T.

A kind sister to her louing brother.

My deare Brother, as you know our lone began almost in our Cradles: so I pray you, let it continue to our graves : I haue had a bad husband, and you no good wife : and yet with patience we haue liued to see the strange changes of time : but we must one day walke after our friends, and therefore in the mean time, let vs make much one of another: write vnto me how you do in body and mind, and when I shall be so happy as to intoy your good company: for being alone, you may be as a Husband and a Brother, to controll my seruants, and comfort my selfe : beleeue me, I long to see you, and in the meane time to heare from you : and therefore I pray you let no messenger passe from you without some few lines of your kinde loue, which are as deare as my life : this I pray you let me not faile of. And so with my hearty commendations and most kinde loue, in my daily prayers for thy health, I leane the to the Almighty.

Thy very louing Sister, A.N.

His

His answer.

Sweet sister, I haue receiued your louing Letter, for which I re-
turne you many kind thanks: my body, I thanke God, is in good
health, but my minde somewhat out of temper, for I see 3. things
that doe much grieue me, a Foole rich, a Wise-man wicked, and an
honest man poore: for the first either by prodigality wasts himself, or
like a dogge in a bench-hole, hoards vp his money he knowes not for
whom: the second turnes wit to an euill course, that might compasse
better matter, and the thirde liues in griefe that he cannot shew the
vertue of his condition. But when I consider againe, that here is no
Paradise: the Angels liue in Heauen, and Hell is too nere vnto the
earth: I am glad I can fall to prayer, to shun the traps of the deceit-
ful: and since I cannot go from the course of fates, to take my fortune
as patiently as I can. You say well, we haue liued to see much, and
yet must die when we haue seene all, you are rid of a trouble, and I
well freed of a torment, yet are there crosses enow to try the care of a
good conscience, in which I doubt not your wisdom, nor shall you of
my wil: but as patience is the salve of misery, so is loue the toy of na-
ture, in which, as we are neerely linked, so let vs liue inseparable:
shortly I hope to see you, and till then and euer will loue you: the
Lord of heauen blesse you, and in his mercy keepe you: so with my
hearts loue to you, to the Lords tuition I leave you.

Your very louing Sister, E.B.

A young-man to his first Loue.

Sweet Loue, since first I viewed your faire Beauty, I saw none
like you, nor like any but you, my reason is o'borne out of many
grounds, and all in your graces. For first your beauty being such as
exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reason to
reach, and your demeanour so discreet, as owes me only to wonder:

P 2

believe

beleene my affection to be vntouched with vntruth, and requite my loue with some token of your good liking: for being the first star that hath made me study Astronomie, let me not liue in the clouds of your discomfort, lest in a mist of miserie I fall to the lowest of fortune: leaving therefore my life to your fauour, or my death to your frown, I rest restlesse, til I may rest,

Yours onely in all. T. P.

Her answer.

If your heart were in your eyes, and your words were all truth, I should beleene a strange tale of the great force of fflancie, but I must intreat your pardon to pause vpon my iudgement of your opinion, I would I were as you write me, though I did not requite you as you wish me: for though I would not be vnikind, yet wil I not be uncareful. Astronomie is too high a studie for my capacitie, and the clouds are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded that the earth cannot hold them: In brieffe therefore, build no castles in the Ayre, lest they happen to fall on your necke, distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithful, nor put you life to loues passion, lest it trie your patience too much. Howsoeuer it be, carie reason in al your courses, and your care will haue the more comfort, to which I wish you as much hope as a true heart may deserue, and so not knowing your rest, wil trouble you no further, but rest as I haue reason.

Yours in good will, A. M.

A Traueller beyond the Seas, to his Wife
in England.

Dears Wife, the miserie of my fortune is more then can easily be borne, and yet the most griefe is to be absent from thee, and
my

my little ones : But as a Hen to her Chickens , be kind to them till I see thee, and pray for my successe, as I doe for thy health : from many dangers God hath deliuered me, and I hope will after many stormes send me a faire day to doe me good , and a faire winde to bring me home : in the mean time I wil haue patience, and intreat thee the like, for lone so long settled I know cannot lose his nature, and therefore not doubting thy constancie. I commend me to thy kindeesse : kisse my babes for me, and kindly receiue for thy selfe and them such tokens as by this trustie Post I send thee, and them: and thus hoping of thy health , as my hearts greatest happinesse in this world: in prayer for the same and thee & thine euermore I rest:
Amsterdam this 20. of August, 1629.

Thy deare louing Husband, T.W.

Her answer.

Sweet heart, let me intreat thee to be as merry as thou canst in spite of fortune and her furie : for if thou hast but life to bring thee home, yet lone shall bid thee welcome: my prayers and thy little ones are daily for thee: we al long to see thee, and thinke it long to be so long without thee, but knowing thy intent for our good, we will haue patience til thy comming, and pray for the speed of it, with good successe of thy trauel: the Posts hast is great, and therefore I must end: for thy kind Letters and tokens I thanke thee: somewhat by this Bearer, I haue sent thee, my notes in my Letter will tel you what, with my hearts lone, which can hold nothing from you: but another al I am and haue, readie for you: so with my babes kisse and my owne, in prayer for thy health and hearts ease, I commit thee to the Almighty: London the 23. of September, 1629.

Thy very louing Wife, E.W.

A Letter Admonitory to his friend in Loue.

H Onest Wilkin, I cannot but mourne for thee to see thee in such a passion, as I thought neuer to haue taken thee in : I heare say thou art in loue : is it possible to be true, that the spirit of error could euer haue taken such possession of thy wit, to make a Saint of an Idol, and lose thy selfe in a maze: why: first the thing Loue is another world then this, and hath little to doe with such creatures as thou keepest companie with : I am sozrie to heare how thou windest thy selfe into such a net, that thou canst no way get loose: He upon follie, leaue thy fancie, lest it bee too late, and then no man wil pittie thee : what: haue both eyes, and be starke blinde : eares, and hast heard nothing : nose, and canst smell nothing: a wit, and canst perceiue nothing : and a heart, that can feele nothing, to put thee from this net, nothing which thou hast met with called Loue : why, let me tell thee what it is, simply I cannot tell thee: but what are the qualities of it, as I haue heard and read of it, I will deliner thee. It will Cuckold age, and besoule youth, betray beauty, and waste wealth : dishonour vertue, and worke villanie : this kind of loue I meane, that makes thee dance Trenchmore without a Pipe, it wil not let one sleepe, nor eate, nor drinke, nor stand, nor sit in quiet: it wil teach a foole to flatter, a knaue to lie, a Wench to dance, and a Scholler to be a Poet, before he can hit the way of a kind Verse. It will make a Souldier lazie, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poore, a poore man a begger: it will make a wise man a foole, and a foole quite out of his wits: it will make a man womanish, and a woman apish: to be short, there is so much ill to be said of it, that he is happie who hath not to doe with it. If therefore thou be not too farre gone, come backe againe. If thou canst leaue thy studie, lay alway thy Booke, and thinke of other matters then the mouth of Venus, lest Mars be angry, or Vulcan play the Willaine, when Cupid shal be roipt for shaming away of his arrowes. In fine giue ouer thy humors, for it is no better then a fancy : and liue with me but a day, and thou wilt be in hate with it all night: for the desire is fleshly, and the delight is filthy : the suit is costly, & the fruit of it but follie: Leane beauty to the Painter to helpe him in his Art: wit to the Scholler, to helpe the weakenesse

of his memorie: and wealth to the Merchant to increase his stocke :
 cases to the Lawyer to helpe his pleading : Honour to the Soldier
 to put forth his valour : and so let thy Distresse be divided among
 them, and when they are all together by the eares, come thou away
 to me, and live with me, and credit me, thou wilt in the end thanke
 me for dealing thus trulie and plainly with thee: In the meane time
 let me heare from thee what I shall hope of thee: for as thou knowest
 I loue thee, from my loue I haue written to thee, what I know is
 good for thee, and what I wish may do good with thee. And thus, till
 I see thee, in hearty prayers for thee, & like commendations to thee,
 to the Lord of Heauen I leaue thee

Thine, as thou knowest, L.E.

The answer.

Good Goose eate no more Hay : what a noise hast thou made
 with heaking at nothing ? Thou hast heard thou knowest not
 what, and talkest thou knowest not how : take a Woodcocke in a
 springe, and touch not me with these termes: now for thy mourning,
 let it be for the losse of thy wit : for I haue no feare of had I wilt.
 Lone (quoth he) you neuer knew what it is, and yet speake so much
 of it : either you wrong it or your selfe, that you no better vnderstand
 it: or let me tell you, you are mistaken in it: It is the light of beautie,
 the blisse of nature, the hono^r of reason, and the ioy of time : the com-
 fort of age, and the life of youth: it is the tongue of truth, stay of wit,
 and the rule of vnderstanding, it is the bridle of will, and the grace of
 sence : it makes a man kinde, and a woman constant, and while
 Fooles and Apes play at bo-peep for a Pudding, Lovers haue a life
 they would not leaue for a Mountaine. Now for Mars and Venus,
 they are studies for Schoole-boies, and he that feareth Vulcan, let
 him be whipt for Cupid. To be short, thou art strangellie out of
 tune to write me such a piece of Musicke : for were I but in the
 way, shall I turne backe to thy whistle ? no, thou knowest not
 what it is, and therefore talke no more of it : for hadst thou but once
 kindly had a taste of it, thou wouldest die ere thou wouldest leaue it :
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beléne it, I know it : and therefore for the derision of my Mistresse, I wil take it as a Dreame, and be sorry that awake thou hadst no more wit then to write it : but let al unkindnesse passe, it may be I wil shortly see thee, & then make thee glad to yeeld to me, that thou art in a foule error to wish me leane my Love, to live with thee : but since I know thy kindnesse, I wil beare with thy weakenesse, and in the faith of an old friend harken to thee in an other matter: and so wishing thee no more to enioy so much against a matter of so excellent vertue, I wil leane thee for this time, and rest allwaies

Thine, as his owne, R. P.

The Country-mans Letter to his beloued
Sweet heart.

Thine Sweet-heart, I am so out of order with my self with the extremtie of loue toat I beare you, that my heart is euen at my mouth to say Sweet-heart, when I think on you : and if I heare but your name it makes me start, as though I should see you, and when I looke on my Handkercheiffe, that you wrought me, I thanke you, with Countre-bleue: Whow I lift vp my eyes to heauen, and say to my selfe. Oh, there is a Wench in the World, wel, goe too : but when I see my seat Ring that you sent me by your Brother Will, I do so kisse it, as if thou wert euen within it. Oh Nell, it is not to be spoken that affection that I beare to thee, why, I ferretted all night for the Rabbet I sent thee, and hade beene in the Wood all day to seeke a Birds nest for thee : my mother is making a Cheese-cake, and she hath promised it me for thee: wel, beléne me I loue thee and if my high shoes come home on Saturday, I le see thee on Sunday, and wee will drinke together, that is once, for indeed I doe loue thee. Why, my heart is neuer from thee: for ouer and besides that I think on thee al day, I do so dreame on thee al night, that our folkes say in my sleepe I call thee Sweet-heart, & when I am awake and remember my dreame, I sigh and say nothing, but I would I wot what: but it is no matter, it shal be, and that sooner then some thinke: for though the old Crust my father, and old Cramme my Mother wil

will not come out with their Crowns, I care not, I am all their sons and therefore I shall have all the Lands: and having a good Farme, we shall make shift for money: and therefore Sweet-heart, for so I will dare call thee, I pray thee be of good chere, wash thy face, and put on the gloves that I gave thee, for we are full askt next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what, for I have your fathers good will, and you have my Mothers: if buckle and thong hold, we will load our packs together: I would have said somewhat else to you, but it was out of my head, and our Scholemaster was so busie with his boies, that he would scarce write thus much for me, but farewell, and remember Sunday.

Thine owne from all the world, T. P.

An Answer to her heart of Gold, and best beloved.

N Dime Love, and kind soule, I thanke thee for thy Sweet Letter a thousand times, I warrant thee it hath ben read and read over againe, oftner then I have fingers and toes: euerie night I get by our Pan into my Chamber, and there by my beds side, he sits and reads it to me still, still til I am almost asleepe: but when he reads so often Sweet-heart, and I love thee: Oh, say I, you do lie, and he sweares, no: and then I said, I thanke you Tom, no Love lost, for I am no chaneling: and when he comes to sleepe and awake, and with: I will not tell you what I thinke yet, but one daie I will tel you moze: in the meane time be content, and trust me: I have a hand in hand for thee, that shall be done befoze the time: and let our friends do their wils, we will not hang after their humours: Po, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for ever andeuer. My Mother hath stolen a whole pecke of silver for a Bride-Cake, and our man hath swozne, he will seale a hyane Rose-marie Bush, and I have spoken for Ale that will make a Cat speake: and the Wouths of our Parish have swozne to bring the blinde Fidler: Well, be of good chere, on sundaie I will be at Church, and if there be any dancing, I hope to have a vent with you. And til then, and the Sunday after, and every day after that, God be with you. Written by

D

our

our Part at my Bed-side at Midnight, when the folks were all a-
 sleepe.

Your true loving in heart till death vs depart, E. S.

An aggruy Letter by a young Loner in the Country,
 to his Loue. *M N.*

MArgerie, the truth is, you doe not ble me well : what doe I get
 by you, to lose my daies twolke, and sit on a stile blowing my
 fingers in the colde, in hope to meet you a milking, and you send a-
 nother in your come, and go to market another way : Well, if I be
 not your sweet-heart, much good doe you with your choice : I hope
 my Fathers home is worthye of your Mothers Daughter : Your
 picking in a clout is not so good as a plough, and for your Portion,
 I can haue your betters, but it is no matter, he is curst in his Cradle,
 that trusts any of your words: and therefore since it is as it is, let it be
 as it will : I will not put at my heart, that you hang at your hailes,
 Well, to be short, take it for a warning, for I am angrie: if you serue
 me so againe, you shall serue me so no more, that is once : and there-
 fore either be as you should, or be as you list, for I will not digest
 more then I can, that is the truth : other folks see it as well as I,
 what a fole you make of me, but it is no matter, I may liue to be
 met with you: but yet, if you will giue ouer your gabbling, and be
 ruled by your friends counsell, I can be content to forget all that is
 past, and to be as good friends as ere we were. And so hoping to
 heare better of you, then some folks thinke of you, meaning to be at
 your towne the next Market day, if you will meet me at the Mole, we
 will haue a Cake and a bottle of Ale, and may hap be merrie ere we
 part, and so farewell,

Your friend as you use me, B. D.

Her

Her answer.

BAmiable, you are much to blame to fall out with your selfe, for want of better company : If you be angry, turne the Heule of your Wheel behind you : for I know no body is in love with you, why heere to be with my ffathers house, and your Mothers maie, why, I wonder what you aile, is the Stone in the Eclipse, that you are so out of temper : Now, truth it is pity a ffoole cannot haue a little wit, but he wil spend it al in a few words : Alas, the day, it wil be night by and by, and if you be so penith to put Pepper in the Nose, if you can freeze both waies, you are in no danger of death. wel to be plaine, care for your self if you wil, for in truth, I wil take no charge of you : for if you wil hold on your course, you may walke together you wil, and no body looke after you: so my selfe, I will forget your Name and proper person : I hope there is none so mad as to be in love with you. In conclusion, come not to me till I send for you, nor looke after me till I bid you: I wil drink no Bottle Ale with such a Bottle nose, nor desire to come to market to meet such a Companion : and so glad to haue this occasion to try your patience, the Fozeman of Ffoles be your Woodcocke Father, and teach you better how to be your wit, if you haue any. And so in as little love as I can sauing my charitie : In hearty good wil, I leaue you as I found you, and so rest

Your friend as you see, M. N.

To her more friendly then beleued faithfull,

M Tho : Jewell.

A Bitter-Sweet is like a Physicall potion : if I be so to your thoughts, I hope I shall purge your head of ill humours: and then faining Fancie, that would deceiue plaine Simplicitie, will abuse neither of vs : and if your flattery were not grosse in my complexion, I should haue no respect of your condition: which heere sares it is from your protested truth, I leaue to the secret confession of your little affection : Words follow thoughts, at the heeles, and

thoughts keepe the Head, not the Heart; where the braine is a little troubled, it puts the wit much out of temper : and therefore wishing you to leaue Honoz to the Noble, and Seruice to the Wealthy, giue me leaue to like of Equality, and so settle my Affection in discretion: which hating to disgrace the Well-deseruing, cannot but daily fauour the faithfull: Distrust is a kinde of Jealousie, which if I could loue, I should perhaps be acquainted with, but solitariness being a sweet life, why should I seeke my hurt in a troublesome course : yet am I not bozne for my selfe, and therefore wil harken to reason, and yet no further then to know the worth of a Jewell before I pay too deare for the wearing of it: and therefore let this suffice you, that no Hea- uen being in this worlde, take heed of a Hell of your owne making : and putting away the clouds of idle humors, looke into the height of that, that by the direction of Vertue, may bring you to Honour : to which if my helpe may anaike, I will say Amen to such prayers, as may be made in a good mind: In which hoping you will labour to rest. I leaue you to your best rest, and so rest,

Your friend as farre as I may not be mine owne enemie,

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A valedatory Letter to his inconstant
Mistris.

I Am sozry that my owne experiment should so evidently proue the veritie of that common receiued opinion, that women generallie are subiect to inconstancie. such was my confidence in you and I made such solicitations to my selfe of your firmenesse, that I would haue beloued that a man might sooner remoue the Rocks out of the Ocean, and the Mountaines out of their station, then me out of your affections: How canst thou for shame cast thine eyes vpon me, whose pure and exuberant Love thou hast rewarded with such fleeting disloyaltie, and lone a number : King & Loner, march together in this, they can neither of the make a competitor, or cozrinall: I wil leaue partnership and faction to Perchance, but where I denote my intimate

mate lone to my Mistris, I expect a reciprocall and undivided affection. But as you haue deseruedlie alienated your affection, and extinguisht that lone I thought nothing but death should haue ended, so wil I iustly abandon your service, and here cease to write oꝝ lone any moze,

And rest a stranger, A.B.

An amorous Letter to a most faire creature.

Though the Age be past which oꝛeiv her glorious stile from gold yet neuer was any richer in perfections then this present Age wherein you live : Nature in former times did glory when she had wrought that matchlesse mould of Hellena : since her moze skilfull hands haue produced your selfe, as the Master-piece of her most absolute workmanship. Wnt would I had as iust cause to commend your kindnesse, as I haue to write these Encomiums of your feature which truly was not boꝛne to live and die to it selfe, but foꝛ to be enjoyed: and the praise of euery good thing, and particularly of beautie lies in its communion, and participation vnto others. Wh therfore remoue not your fauour from me your most faithfull servant, who can no moze sustaine my life in the want of your kindnesse, then the Earth can remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall absence: weakes words are not able to comprehend the immensitie of my Love, which leaning to the consideration of your ripe iudgement, in hope of your sole comfort, To whom the endeour of my selfe, and the constancie of my faith are eternallie deuoted, I rest,

In the depth of true affection,

R.S.

A letter Gratulatory to a kind Gentlewoman.

Good Mistresse,

This posting Messenger (yet not so expeditious as the winged Pegasus) relinquishing in all hast this our towne of Lincolne, to transport

transport himselfe in your famous Citie of London, the Center of Great Britaine, I could not let passe so fit an opportunitie to declare unto you how much the remembrance of your by-past kindnesse, hath bound me to wish you the highest degree of all terrestriall happinesse. But looking at your favours with a remunerating desire, I finde the number of them so great, and the greatnesse so hard to be expressed much more to be recompenced, that like a vanquished man I am faine to yield and succumbe under the burden of so many arerages: Whely at this present like an humble suppliant, I come to begge of you some more time (the mother of opportunity) until by the smiles of fortunes, and the diligence of my indefatigable endeavours I be enabled to make requitall, but hoping that thus much may persuade you, that I have not buried you in the pit of oblivion: I conclude and rest as I am bounden,

Yours ever to be commanded, N. I.

A Loue Letter.

The beauty which nature hath so laudably imparted vpon you (absolute Divinis) makes her play the banker out with most of the world best: at the dicatory whereof, as my eyes have often times stood at gaze, so is my minde altogether captivated to doe homage to your perfections: and therefore hoping that in your employments my future merits shall weigh downe this my offence of presumption, I have taken humble boldnesse to let you vnderstand how ready I am to performe you any service that possibility shall enable me unto, whose loue is the bounds and utmost end of my ambitious desires, desiring the attainment wherof as the comfortable harvest of my carefull paines, I rest,

Yours in the infringeable bounds of affection, I. N.

FINIS.

